

# DIAMOND~DICK

BOYS BEST

## JR WEEKLY JR.

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 285.

Price, Five Cents.

### DIAMOND DICK'S FLYING SWITCH

OR  
TRAPPING THE TOUGH-NUT TERRORS



THE AUTHOR OF  
'DIAMOND DICK'

OLD DIAMOND DICK THREW THE SWITCH, AND THE CARLOAD OF TERRORS TOOK THE SIDING WITH A RUSH.



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NEW YORK, March 29, 1902.

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# DIAMOND DICK'S FLYING SWITCH;

OR,

## Trapping the Tough Nut Terrors.

By the author of "DIAMOND DICK."

### CHAPTER I.

#### FRITZ PLAYS UNDERSTUDY TO A FOSSIL.

"Where are Two-Spot, Fritz and Bung Loo?" inquired old Diamond Dick, whirling around in his office chair and looking at the Serpent of Siskiyou.

"They've been gone for a week."

"Gle-ory to snakes an' Bad Land fossils!" chuckled the Californian.

"Them kids allow they've got prosperity throwed an' hog-tied, Dick."

"How is that?" queried the young sport.

"Ain't ye seen it?"

"Seen what?" returned both the Dicks.

"Why," answered Handsome Harry, pulling a sheet of print-paper out of his trousers pocket, "these hyer handbills. I don't know whether the kids aire operatin' their bazoos with two tongues er not, but ef they got what they say they hev, I druther own it than a gold mine. Read thet, son."

Harry passed the handbill over to the young sport and the latter read as follows:

"GET NEXT, EVERYBODY, GET NEXT! Only 4 bits to rubber at the Biggest Freak on the Turf to-day! A Stone Boy, more than 1,000 years old, snaked out of the sand in Mojave Canyon! A Petrified Geezer handed down to the Wondering Push of the Present by the Aztec Gazabus of the Dim and Distant Past! To be piped off for a couple of days only before shipment East. Bring your 4 bits and come to the vacant store under Andy Hoover's gambling plant. N. B.—Biff-Bang, the Granite Kid, has been purchased by a Chicago museum for \$10,000, and will have to be shipped not later than Wednesday night.

TWO-SPOT PETERS, General Boss.  
BUNG LOO, Chief understrapper."

Old Dick threw himself back in his chair and exploded a laugh.

"But where's Fritz?" asked Diamond Dick, Jr.



"He's probably advance agent," answered the old veteran.

"Mebby," put in Handsome Harry, "an' mebbly not. A week ago Two-Spot was saying that he an' Looey wasn't makin' enough ter keep a Piegan squaw in dried prunes, an' thet somethin' had ter be did.

"I asked him what he thort o' doin', an' he said he'd heerd they'd dug up a petrified man, over in the Bootleg Country, an' thet the fellers thet had found the thing was makin' money hand over fist.

"Two-Spot opined that he an' Looey 'u'd go out prospectin' fer fissils, an' hyer's the result. An' say, they're doin' a land-office bizness. Two-Spot's sellin' tickets an' Bung is on the door."

"Let's go over and help the boys out," said Diamond Dick, grabbing his hat. The three started at once.

On reaching the depot platform, Handsome Harry ran across the tracks to a toolbox belonging to the section gang, and secured a sledge.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked young Diamond Dick.

"Wait, pardy," grinned Harry. "You'll ketch on quick enough."

As the three friends reached Main street they saw a line of people putting out for the empty store under Andy's Goddess of Chance establishment; and as they drew nearer they saw the New York kid at the edge of the walk, behind a dry-goods box.

"There's no hot air in this song I'm puttin' up, neighbors," Two-Spot was shouting; "the Stone Boy is inside an' he's his own monument! A three-ply baby and a wonder! A double-X freak, and if you miss lettin' him ketch your lamps you'll never get through kickin' yourselves! There you are, cull! My Chink friend on the door will pass you in to look at this Class A curio! Sold ag'in an' got the tin and another soul made happy!"

"Hand over three of the pasteboards, Two-Spot," said Diamond Dick, Jr.

Two-Spot sized up Bertie, Dick and Harry out of the corners of his eyes.

"You can't shell out any mon to see this show, Bertie," the New York kid answered. "Take the tickets and push in."

Young Diamond Dick dropped the money with a laugh, picked up the three tickets and started for Bung Loo.

"Hold up!" cried Two-Spot. "What's Red Top goin' to do with the big hammer?"

"Ef I don't tell ye, kid," grinned the old Serpent mysteriously, "ye won't know till ye find out some other way."

Thereupon the Californian followed his two pards.

Bung Loo chuckled as he took the three tickets.

"Him gleat!" the Chink chattered. "Him pettified allee light! You see! We makee more blame money than can cally 'lound. Don't givee Stone Boy poke. Mebbly you bleakee piece off."

Dick and his companions passed inside.

The sight of the sledge in Handsome Harry's hands worried Two-Spot not a little.

Finally he gave over selling tickets, fastened a big piece of paper on the doors bearing the letters "S. R. O." and he and Bung Loo went in and closed the doors after them.

The "Stone Boy" was laid out on a packing case, in one end of the room, a mosquito netting interposed between him and the spectators.

The niche containing the fossil was rather dark, and a couple of candles shed a ghostly light over the "double-X curio."

The Granite Kid was nude to the waist and looked like a piece of chiseled limestone.

While the Dicks and Handsome Harry stood looking, Two-Spot and Bung Loo passed out all the spectators except the old veteran, the young sport and the Serpent of Siskiyou.

"Greatest thing I ever seen in my life!"

"Beats the Bootleg petrified man plum ter death!"

"An' ter think it's a thousand years old!"

"Wonderful! By thunder, I kain't hardly b'leeve it!"

These were a few of the comments voiced by those who went away.

"What d'ye think?" asked Two-Spot of his friends, when they were alone in the room.

"It's a winner," replied young Diamond Dick.

"Allee samee one-piecee stone!" declared Bung Loo, a twinkle in his slant eyes.

"But how about that offer of \$10,000?" queried old Diamond Dick.

"That's on the level! I had the letter here, making the offer, but some geezer swiped it."

"Now, I opine, this hyer thing is up ter me," spoke up Handsome Harry resting the head of the sledge on the floor and moistening his palms.



"What's your game, Red Top?" demanded Two-Spot, anxiously.

"Goin' ter hold an inkwest, Spotty."

"What?" gasped both boys.

"I'm goin' ter break the fossil in two an' see ef thar ain't a pay streak runnin' through his make-up"

"Jiminy Klismas!" mumbled the Chink.

"Duck on it, Harry," said Two-Spot.

"I can show you where the pay streak is," and the New York kid slapped at his coat pocket so that a jingle of silver was heard.

"Ain't the Stone Boy never been prospected?" demanded Harry.

"He don't need to be."

"Waal," grunted the Californian, gripping the handle of the sledge. "I'll jest break him in two at the middle an' hev a look at the cross-section. They busted open the petrified man up at Bootleg an' found a nugget as big as yer fist, next ter his collar-bone."

Bung Loo and Two-Spot tried to stop the old Serpent, but he swung the sledge.

"The third an' down she comes," said Harry.

"One! two! th——"

"Himmelblitzen!" cried the Stone Boy, starting to a sitting posture on top of the box. "Don'd you hit me mit dot, Hantsum Harry! Chimineddy! It's hardt enough to lay here, mit a calcimine finish like vat I got, say noddin' oof being proke in bieces."

"Durn me fer a dummy ef it ain't Fritz!" exclaimed the old Serpent, feigning amazement.

"Sure ding!"

"I didn't know you were a thousand years old, Fritz," said Bertie.

"No more dit I. Id vas a fake, dot's all. Doo-Shpot made id oop oudt oof his headt."

"Keep it on the q. t., boys," put in the New York kid. "We've got the whole town guessin'. If Fritz can stand it tikt to-morrow we'll have more'n a bushel of samoleons."

"What are you going to do with Fritz to-night?" queried Diamond Dick.

"Put him in his box after the people quit coming an' let him pound his ear."

"We kids hot stuff, you bettee!" giggled Bung Loo, hopping around on the toes of his wooden shoes. "Ace high allee time. We go tlavel, savvy? Takee Petlified Boy all ovel countly, by chee! Flitz makee boss fleak!"

"I don'd play undershtudy for der fossil all der dime!" growled Fritz. "After ve're droo mit dis engagement, I'll go on der door for a vile und dere'll be a pedrifid Chink; und afder dot dere'll be a pedrifid New York kid, und den id vill come back by me ag'in. Dot's der vay. Durn und durn aboutt, yes. Id ain't some fun bein' vitevashed und makin' a shtone oudt oof yourseluf."

"After we finish here," said Two-Spot, "some one else will play the part, Fritz. Lay down ag'in an' get quiet. The push outside 'll go crazy if I don't let 'em in."

Fritz straightened out, Bung Loo reopened the doors and Harry shouldered his sledge and marched out after the Dicks.

The old veteran and his pards had a quiet laugh when they got back to the general manager's office in the depot. Diamond Dick, however, called for the boys and reproved them severely for practicing a deception on the townspeople.

"I would make you refund all the money you had taken in," he said, "only you might get into trouble over it. You must stop thtis to-morrow."

When the old veteran left his office to go to the hotel for supper, cowboys and miners were riding in from every direction and making for the storeroom under Andy's place.

The "Stone Boy" was the universal topic everywhere, and everybody spoke about the phenomenon in hushed voices.

No one thought it a fake.

And as the hours passed and the news spread, Two-Spot was surrounded by a crowd of eager sight-seers anxious to exchange their four bits for a pasteboard admitting them to view the spectacle.

The interest was still intense at eleven o'clock when old Diamond Dick went to bed.

The veteran was aroused in the morning by Diamond Dick, Jr., who brought a piece of astounding news.

"Diamond Dick!" called the young sport.

"What's to pay, Bertie?" queried the old veteran.

"We're minus a Petrified Boy this morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Fritz is lost, strayed or stolen."

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a fact. He's gone, box and all."



## CHAPTER II.

## THE MOUNTAIN WOLVES.

It was hardly necessary, perhaps, for the New York kid to insist that Fritz Dunder pass the night in the crate built especially for the use of the so-called "Petrified Boy."

This crate was a roomy box, painted red, and lettered along the side, in white: "Biff-Bang, the Petrified Kid. Dug up in Mojave Canyon, Arizona."

Following this was the date when Biff-Bang was supposed to have been unearthed.

By adroit management, Two-Spot had clinched the impression that Biff-Bang was a genuine curiosity, and by taking no chances on letting the hoax be discovered, the three lads hoped to reap a rich reward for their ingenuity.

It was the great showman, Barnum, who once said that the public liked to be humbugged; and the clever New York kid had Barnum's saying in mind when he whitewashed Fritz and put him on exhibition.

Fritz wanted very much to sneak out of the storeroom, after the doors had been closed, and enjoy the comforts of a good bed at the Ouray Hotel.

But Two-Spot would not hear to this, and the Dutch boy was stretched out on some gunny sacks, in the bottom of the red box, and locked in.

Yet he was not so securely locked in as appearances would indicate, for one end of the box was cunningly constructed so that it might be opened from the inside.

After Fritz had been taken care of, Two-Spot sent out for a couple of cots.

When the cots arrived, and before going to bed, the Bowery boy and the Chink sat on the red box and counted the proceeds of the boy's exhibition.

"How much id iss?" asked Fritz, from inside the box.

"A hundred and fifty cartwheels, Wienerwurst," replied Two-Spot.

"Velly fine, hey?" said Looey. "We gettee lich pletty soon."

"This is a scheme for your life," Two-Spot answered, tying the silver up in a big bandanna handkerchief. "If I could glue some fur onto you, Looey, and call you the Wild Man of Borneo, we could charge a big iron case for admission and double upon he profits."

"Naw, him no workee 'tall. People ketchee on when wild man talkee pidgin."

"Well, we won't do it yet a while, anyhow. It's late and I'm goin' to turn in and begin pounding my ear. Good-night."

The New York kid was asleep within two minutes after he stretched out on his cot.

When he next opened his eyes it was broad daylight and his brain was in a whirl.

"Oh, sister!" he murmured, sitting up and clasping his head in his hands. "I feel as though Fitzsimmons had given me a left hook to the jaw. What's come over me, anyhow? Looey?"

Two-Spot could see the Chink sprawled out on his cot, a few feet away, and could hear him snore in a jerky and spasmodic tone.

Bung Loo didn't answer his comrade's call.

"Fritz!" called the New York kid.

As he called out to the Dutch boy, Two-Spot turned toward the spot where the red box had stood, the night before.

The box wasn't there.

"Hully gee!" cried the startled Two-Spot, leaping erect. "Have I got the blind staggers, or what?"

He gave a more searching look about the room, but the box was nowhere in sight.

Rushing to the Chink, Two-Spot shook him roughly.

"Whatee you want?" cried Looey, rising on the cot, and blinking at the New York kid.

"Fritz is gone!" exclaimed Two-Spot.

"Clacky!" muttered the Celestial, rubbing his eyes. "How you think him gettee 'way?"

"He's been carried off, neck and heels!" said Two-Spot, and pointed toward an open window in the end of the storeroom.

"Who cally him off?"

Then Two-Spot had a "think" which made him grin.

"Some one has touched us for the Petrified Boy on the strength of that Chicago letter offering \$10,000 for him, providing he's genuine. Oh, murder! Wouldn't this uppercut you?"

"You gottee mon, Spotty? The humnerd an' fifty dol'—you gottee him? Say!"

"That's gofe, too."

Bung Loo gave a wail and threw up his hands.

"No use puttin' up a hollar, Looey," said Two-



Spot. "We'll slide around to the hotel and put the Dicks next."

Five minutes later the Dicks and Handsome Harry knew as much about the disappearance of Fritz as the boys did.

And Diamond Dick, Jr., discovered something else.

There was a faint odor of chloroform about the two boys which suggested that the drug might have been called into requisition by the thieves to deepen the slumber of the two lads while the peculiar robbery was being consummated.

There was a humorous side to the affair, and old Diamond Dick and his pals had to smile when they thought of it.

Fritz was supposed to be "petrified," and this supposition would lead the thieves to treat the Dutch boy as they would any other booty and leave him—for a time, at least—pretty much to his own devices.

"Do your best to find him," said old Diamond Dick to Bertie, Handsome Harry and the boys, "but I wouldn't worry much. Fritz has an advantage on his side, and he's clever enough to make the most of it."

This was the general opinion.

"Anyhow," remarked Two-Spot, glumly, "this settles the petrified man business with We, Us & Company. That graft is played out, from now on."

"No doubt of that, Spotty," answered Diamond Dick, Jr. "Take a run around town and see if you can find any one who saw a red box being toted through the streets during the small hours of the morning. While you're at that, I'll step over to Andy's place and interview him."

Andy's gambling den was an all-night establishment and was very quiet during the daytime.

Bertie found Andy himself walking about among his deserted card tables and faro and roulette outfits in a distracted sort of way.

"What ails you?" queried the young sport, surprised at the nervousness displayed by the usually phlegmatic gambler.

"I've got to give up the flowing bowl, that's what ails me," answered Andy, fixing his bloodshot eyes on Diamond Dick, Jr. "I'm getting 'em, Wade."

"Getting what?"

"The D. T.'s. I'm seeing things at night, pard—two-legged wolves—creatures half-man and half-beast! If you know any one that wants to buy a

gambling plant cheap, send him around. I'm going to throw up my hands and strike a gait for the nearest Keeley cure establishment."

"Where did you see these two-legged wolves?"

"Through that window——" Andy waved his hand toward a window in the rear of his establishment—"and I saw 'em jest as plain as I see you this minute."

"What were they doing?"

"It seemed to me like they had horses. There were four of them and, as they galloped off, noiselessly as shadows, they rode in double file and had a coffin between them. Oh, I've got 'em! I've felt 'em comin' on for the last month."

Diamond Dick, Jr., began to grow interested.

"At what hour was this?" he demanded.

"About two o'clock this morning."

"Which way did they go?"

"West."

"Don't worry, Andy. You haven't got the D. T.'s. You saw a number of thieves carrying off the box containing the Petrified Boy. Two-Spot and Bung Loo were drugged, last night, and the box and the supposed fossil were stolen."

"On the level?"

"Sure."

"But what about those two-legged mountain wolves?"

"That was a prank of your imagination."

Andy had begun to feel a measure of relief, but at this his anxiety for himself all came back.

"I couldn't imagine a thing like that if whisky wasn't at the bottom of it."

The young sport did not try to argue with him, but hurriedly left the place.

He could not find the old Serpent, nor the boys, and he made his way to Diamond Dick's office.

The general manager had just received a message from the agent at Tough-Nut, the town at the southern terminus of the line.

He held it in his hand as Bertie came in, and listened quietly while the young sport told of what he had learned at Andy's place.

"Undoubtedly," said he, "the persons who stole Two-Spot's letter from the man in the East offering \$10,000 for the Petrified Boy, convinced themselves of its genuineness and then set about stealing the supposed freak of nature in order to realize on it. Fritz, however, will be able to extricate himself, I



am positive. Still, it might be just as well if you got into the saddle and rode out on the trail of these 'two-legged' wolves, as Andy calls them."

"That's what I thought of doing," answered the young sport.

"Get the work over quickly and then hold yourself ready for another deal."

"Is there something in the wind?"

"The Tough-Nut Terrors have been recruiting their ranks and now consider themselves strong enough to take the field against us for the third and last time. Here's a telegram from the Tough-Nut agent and he asks me to meet him at Bowie Siding this afternoon for a conference regarding the Terrors. I shall catch the first south-bound train which is due in about fifteen minutes."

"Is Handsome Harry going with you?"

"No, I shall go alone. The Terrors are ready to strike, as I have known for some time, and I want as many here at headquarters as possible. The fight now on hand will be to a finish, for one side or the other.

"The question is," the old veteran went on, a steely glitter coming into his eyes, "is law and order to prevail in this section or not? These Terrors are the last remnant of the lawless gangs who had this country all to themselves, before we came here. We'll have to clean them out or else get cleaned out ourselves.

"If you find Handsome Harry, post him. Have him help the sheriff, Buck Keever, get together the strongest possible force of deputies and keep them ready night and day. Their horses must be constantly under saddle, and they must sleep on their arms."

"Perhaps I had better leave Fritz to take care of himself?"

"No, the boy may need you. I don't think he does, but he may."

"Then I'll get a gait on," said the young sport, "and lope west on the trail of these two-legged wolves."

"By the time you return, I will undoubtedly have something of importance to tell you," observed the old veteran. "The Tough-Nut agent is a clear-headed man and not apt to shy at trifles."

Diamond Dick, Jr., hurriedly left the office, made his way to the corral and saddled and mounted his horse, Bear-Paw.

He halted at the hotel for a moment to inquire for the old Serpent or the boys, but they were not there.

Nor did he see them on the street.

But he saw Buck Keever, told him the latest about the Terrors, and Keever at once began to gather a posse.

As Diamond Dick, Jr., galloped west he watched the trail sharply. His trained eye had no difficulty in discovering the hoofprints of four horses, moving two and two, with almost the width of the trail between them.

This was added proof that Andy's imagination was not accountable for what he had seen from the window of his gambling establishment.

Cheered with the thought that he would be able to follow, and perhaps overtake, the man-wolves—if such they really were—the young sport looked well to his guns and strode on at a good speed.

An hour's trailing carried him across a stretch of desert and took him into the foothills.

These uplifts were jagged and rocky and gashed with little ravine-like clefts, where excellent hiding-places might have been found for any lurking foe.

The trail of the four horses, however, was still fairly distinct and quite fresh, and, so long as the trail led on, young Diamond Dick had small fear of ambushed enemies.

But right here is where he made a mistake, as he was not long in discovering.

As he threaded a small ravine, penetrating deeper into the hills, the well-nigh inaudible sound of a hurled riata struck on his keen ears, and he saw a horsehair rope, like a long snake, uncoil from behind some rocks, at the ravine side.

He endeavored to draw rein, but too late.

The gliding noose caught Bear-Paw by a forward hoof.

The horse was thrown and Diamond Dick, Jr., shot into the air and fell on his hands and knees several feet in advance.

Before he could spring erect, several of the two-legged wolves, as described by Andy, had leaped into the ravine and hurled themselves upon him.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN UNEXPECTED RESCUE.

Diamond Dick, Jr., made a furious effort to free himself, but there were four men to battle against.

Yet, nothing daunted, he hurled one of the villains



sidewise, pushed himself erect, and struck out with his fists.

He had the satisfaction, such as it was, of knocking the wolf's head from one of his captors and catching a glimpse of the low-browed, vicious face beneath the mask.

Then he was grappled with, thrown to the earth and quickly bound.

The man who had lost his wolf's head was stunned, and it was several moments before he could pick up his strange mask and draw it on again.

Young Diamond Dick saw, in the brief space allowed for inspection, that the masks consisted of the upper halves of bodies of the hill wolves—prowlers not very distantly related to the coyote.

"Ye tumbled right inter the trap we had set fer ye, eh?" said the leader of the gang, in a grimly triumphant tone, as he took his station at the young sport's side.

"Was that the reason you stole that box?" queried Diamond Dick, Jr.

"Thet was our main reason," chuckled the leader. "We knowed thet the New York kid an' the Chink was pards o' the Dicks, an' thet ef we left a good enough trail we'd be follered."

"Then you don't intend to sell the Petrified Boy for \$10,000?"

Bertie asked this question by way of discovering whether the bogus character of the fossil had yet been brought to light.

"Wall, I reckon!" was the reply, with a hoarse laugh. "Thet's the way us fellers couple bizness with profit. Sabe? We'll send the Peetrified Kid on ter the museum feller, kase it's about the slickest speciment of a fossil ever dug up in these hyer parts."

The young sport was satisfied.

Fritz, although he had been stolen, had not "given himself away.

"Thet stone critter unkivered at Bootleg kain't begin ter compare with this hyer bit of limestone snaked outter the sand in Mojave Canyon," commented another of the four.

"Who are you men?" queried Diamond Dick, Jr.

"The Mounting Wolves," answered the leader.

"Otherwise a detachment of the Tough-Nut Terrors," said a second, thereby giving the prisoner a piece of information that was highly important.

"The mortal enemies o' the Diming Dicks," declared a third.

"We're a leetle disapp'inted," resumed the leader, "kase we was thinkin' more'n one'u'd foller the trail of thet Peetrified Kid."

"If I had had any one with me," responded Diamond Dick, Jr., "you four wouldn't have had such an easy time of it."

"We'd hev had it easier, podner. Instid o' ropin' ye, we'd hev drawn beads on yer heart an' blazed away from behind the rocks. But, seein' as how thar was only yerself, I says ter Nate thar, 'Rope him,' I says, an' thet's what he done."

"What's your game?" inquired the young sport.

"You an' the ole vet know what our game is, well enough. Ye're rulin' this roost with a high hand an' a grafter no sooner tries ter make a livin' off the kentry than you an' yer outfit puts the kibosh on him an' either send him over the road or put him out o' the game.

"We've warned ye ter quit, an' we've warned ye ter git out o' the kentry, but ye went right on an' didn't pay no attention to anythin' we said.

"Now ye've got ter take the consequences."

"What are you intending to do?"

"Put ye out o' the way. Ye've got fifteen minits ter say yer prayers, so make the most o' yer time."

"I haven't any prayers to say," answered the young sport.

"Willin' ter start on yer trip acrost the divide without makin' any preparations?"

"I'm not going across the divide for a while yet."

"Oh, ye're a bluffer! But it won't do ye no good. This hyer's a struggle an' ef we don't win, we'll go ter the wall. So ye kin bet we're goin' ter work ter win."

The leader turned to the others of the gang.

"Git yer shooters, boys," said he, "an' bring mine."

The other three vanished behind the rocks and shortly returned, each man with a Winchester.

Diamond Dick, Jr., knew very well that he was up against a tough proposition; and yet, despite the bravado of his captors, he could not bring himself to believe that they would take his life.

They were amply qualified to commit murder, but would they lay themselves liable to such a grave charge with a prospect of ultimate capture plainly before them?

The young sport was not destined to find out just how far these Mountain Wolves would go, for sud-



denly there came a beat of hoofs around a bend in the ravine, yells, and a shrill voice whooping wildly:

"Here dey are! Dis vay, Tiamont Tick! Dis vay, Hantsome Harry! Keefer, pring yer men dis vay! Whoop yah!"

The roll of hoofs increased and panic seized the Mountain Wolves.

Startled oaths escaped them, and they started to run for the bushes.

The leader, however, halted before he had gone more than half-a-dozen paces.

"Stand yer ground an' fight 'em off!" he yelled, fiercely.

The other three men hesitated and the leader, throwing his rifle to his shoulder, was taking aim at Diamond Dick, Jr., when a form, nude to the waist and white as chalk, came galloping around the bend, a revolver in each hand.

Crack!

One of the revolvers exploded and the arm of the leader of the Wolves dropped, shifting the muzzle of the Winchester so that the bullet, fired a fraction of a second after the slug from the revolver, struck the ground at young Diamond Dick's feet.

Shouts of terror and dismay arose from the Wolves.

They saw, riding toward them, the form of the "Petrified Kid," as they called it.

They did not stop to reason that they might have been made the victims of a "fake," but threw down their guns and rushed into the chaparral and got themselves out of sight among the bowlders.

The leader voiced a furious oath, grabbed at his injured arm, and, after a moment's hesitation, dashed after his comrades.

Fritz Dunder was leading Bear-Paw.

"We haf to hurry like plazes," he cried, as he leaped down, hurriedly released the young sport and then sprang to the back of his horse again.

"Where are the others?" queried Diamond Dick, Jr., pausing only to pick up the rifle dropped by the leader of the Wolves.

"I am der odders, Pertie," chuckled Fritz.

"But I heard horses——"

"Sure! I let der horses vat pelonged to der Volves loose und sent dem down der rafine. Ach, du lieber, vat a dime, vat a dime! Hustle mit yourseluf, Pertie! I haf got news, hot news, und ve haf got to ged pack to Ouray so kevick like noddin!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### HOW FRITZ GOT SEVERAL TIPS.

Fritz Dunder was the heaviest kind of a sleeper, and usually he snored like a house afire—the louder he snored the sounder he slept.

He was in deepest slumber when stolen by the four Mountain Wolves, and if he snored in his usual style it is a wonder the thieves did not learn that he was anything but petrified.

He was awakened by having his head slammed into one end of the red box.

If he had been really stone that blow would have cracked him and made him worth considerably less as a curio.

"Himmelblitzen!" he muttered, opening his eyes. "Iss dis a cyclone vat I peen in? Has der town oof Ouray peen picked oop und plown off der face oof der eart' alretty?"

From the way Fritz was being bunted around, his inference that a cyclone was juggling with him was not so far fetched as it might seem at first blush. The nooses of four riatas had been looped around the long box, two in front and two behind.

The other ends of these riatas had been attached to the saddle horns of the Wolves, so that, as they galloped, the box was suspended between them and took an end and a side motion from the movements of the horses.

"Chiminy grickets!" murmured Fritz. "Oof dis ding keeps oop, I vill be so seasick as I can't dell!"

He was about to give a yell when he heard a voice.

"The durn thing don't weigh as much as I thort, Larry!"

"Mebby it's holler," suggested another voice, presumably belonging to Larry, "an' only stone on the outside."

"An' thet chunk o' petrified man is wuth ten thousand, eh?" spoke up a third.

"Ye seen the letter yerself, Nate."

"I wisht we had the ten thousand right now, instid o' this hyer box banging inter our legs! My left shin is as sore as a piece o' raw beef."

"Stick 'er out, Art! We're leavin' a good trail, an' the Dicks 'll foller. We'll git 'em!"

"Ef ole Dick comes arter us how'll Red Mark git 'im at the Bowie Siding?"

"They won't all of 'em come arter us. I've heerd thet old Dick figgers thet one o' his pards is good fer four er five renegades, any day. So I reckon thar



won't more'n a couple of the old vet's outfit chase arter us."

"How is Red goin' ter work his scheme?"

"Wall, he's got a feller with him named Petie Briggs——"

"I know Petie well. Useter rustle cattle with him on the Musselshell, in Montana."

"This hyer Petie is a telegrafft operator, an' about the slickest of his kind. He's goin' ter cut the wire, some'ers between Ouray an' Tough-Nut an' give the Ouray call."

"Has Petie got an insterment?"

"Naw; he claims he kin click the ends o' the wires tergether an' do the job jest as well as though he had an insterment."

"He must be a top-liner."

"Thet's what he is. Red Mark hasn't got any but top-liners with him. Every one of the Tough-Nut Terrors aire specialists in gun-play, er riata-throwin'—like Nate, thar—er in somethin' else."

"An' Petie's goin' ter send a message ter ole Dick?"

"Thet's the idy. Red is goin' ter hev Dick come ter Bowie Sidin' fer a talk with the Tough-Nut agent about the Terrors."

The speaker paused to chuckle.

"I'm gamblin' thet Red 'll ketch some of ole Dick's outfit thar an' it's a cinch thet we'll git some of 'em hyer."

"What'll be done ter ole Dick?"

"He'll be plugged fer keeps. This kentry ain't noways big enough fer the Terrors an' the Dicks. One or to'ther has got ter git out of it. Ef the Terrors lose in this game they'll hev ter strike a bee line fer some other part o' the Territory."

"Thar'll be some of us thet won't be able ter strike a bee line fer anywhar except kingdom come an' Yuma pen," spoke up the voice of Nate; "purvidin', o' course, the Dicks win."

"The Dicks won't win, I tell ye," returned Larry, fiercely. "Red Mark is a match fer the Dicks any day."

Much more was said by the four Mountain Wolves loping along the trail with the long red box between them, but the remainder of the conversation added little to the stock of information Fritz Dunder had already received.

Bracing himself inside the box as well as he could, Fritz began to think the situation over.

In the first place, he had been stolen—stolen out of the room where he had been placed "on exhibition," and by men who not only hoped to sell him for \$10,000 but to entrap one or more of Diamond Dick's combination who would trail after them.

And a trap had also been laid to entrap either the old veteran, or some of his pards, at Bowie Siding!

So much responsibility was thus suddenly laid upon the Dutch boy's shoulder that, as Two-Spot would have it, he nearly went off his trolley.

He must escape, intercept those who were to trail after him, and likewise inform old Diamond Dick of the game to be pulled off at the siding.

A wild idea swept through Fritz Dunder's brain that he might open the end of the box and drop out into the road.

In spite of his celverness, Fritz was a good deal of a blunderer, although fate was usually kind enough to make him blunder in the right direction.

If he could have opened the little door in the end of the box, there is no doubt but that he would have slid out, and that the sudden absence of his weight would have given the thieves a clew as to what had happened.

Thus the boy would have overreached himself at the very start-off.

But, try as hard as he could, it was impossible for him to open the end of the box, on account of the pitching and swaying motion.

Finally he gave up trying, and, of course, it was very well for him that he did.

Deciding that he would have to play a waiting game, he lay as quietly as he could and listened and waited for fresh developments.

During the following hour or so Fritz managed to learn how the robbery had been effected.

The thieves had opened a window in the rear of the storeroom, had slipped in and chloroformed Two-Spot and Looey, and had then, with little trouble, lifted the red box and pushed it through the window.

Fritz wondered why these men, the inveterate foes of Diamond Dick and his pards, had taken the trouble to drug the New York kid and the Chink when they might have been settled for in other ways.

The Dutch youth finally concluded that the boys had been spared in order that they might communicate the news of the theft and start the Dicks on the trail—and that, as Fritz knew, was one of the principal things the thieves were after.



After a time the horsemen came to a halt.

"Let 'er down easy," came the voice of Larry; "we don't want ter bust the thing an' beat ourselves out o' ten thousand plunks."

Fritz was thankful for that much, anyhow.

He had been so bumped and bruised that small favors like this were thankfully received.

Suddenly, after he had been on the ground for a few moments, a cause for new worry was developed.

"Let's take a look at the fossil," suggested the voice of Nate, and a hand was heard fumbling at the padlock.

Fritz's heart jumped into his throat and he reached for two revolvers which he had in the box with him.

The next instant his alarm was quieted, for Larry said:

"No time ter break inter the box, Nate. You go up on the hill, whar ye kin git a good look at the ravine, an' keep watch. When ye see anybody comin', race down an' tell us. Arter ye've been on the hill an hour I'll send one o' the other boys up ter spell ye."

Nate took his departure and Fritz could hear some of the thieves sitting down on the box and talking in low tones.

The Teuton was wildly impatient to be doing something for his friend, and all he was waiting for now was a chance to leave the box and effect his escape.

But the minutes dragged by, and the hours came and went, and during all that time there was never a moment when there was not some one in close proximity to Fritz's quarters.

From time to time Larry relieved the watcher on the hill, and the waiting and watching continued on.

At last the alarm was sounded.

The sentry came charging in among his comrades and announced that one person was loping along the trail left by himself and his pals, and that one person was Diamond Dick, Jr.

Oaths of disappointment followed the sentinel's words, for the men had hoped that two or three, at the least, would take up the scent.

Larry gave some quick commands and then made off with his companions.

The moment had arrived for which the Dutch boy had been waiting, and he opened the end of the box and crawled out of the cramped space in which he had lain for so long.

After giving his limbs a stretch, he looked around. There was no one in sight.

Four horses were tethered near, however, and when they caught sight of Fritz they began to snort and to try to break from their fastenings.

"Dey dink I vas a bogie man," thought Fritz. "Meppy I can make dose odder fellers dink so, too."

Creeping out to the bend in the ravine, he peered around a shoulder of rock and caught sight of Diamond Dick, Jr.

At that precise instant he was being bound and his horse, dragging a riata fastened at the fetlock of a front hoof, was trotting along the ravine toward Fritz.

The Teuton drew back, caught Bear-Paw when he rounded the bend and clung to the bits in spite of the effort the horse made to break away.

After calming the animal, Fritz bent and removed the riata, then fastened it about the horse's neck and tied the loose end to a mount belonging to one of the Terrors.

It took him some little time to complete his operations and before he was through he heard some one hurrying toward him from around the bend.

In a flash he pushed into a clump of mesquite, his heart pounding like a trip-hammer.

Three men with wolf-heads rushed toward the red box, picked up four rifles that lay on top of it, and which had before escaped Fritz's attention, and then turned and raced back without looking around.

The Dutch boy knew what that meant.

It meant that if he was to prove of any help to young Diamond Dick he must be about it, so he sprang to the back of the horse he had selected, released the others and started them off with a loud yell.

After that, he galloped toward the bend, shouting in a fashion to make the Terrors think there were at least a half-a-dozen of him.

How well he succeeded we have already seen.

As he and young Diamond Dick rode swiftly along on the return trail, Fritz relieved himself of the gist of his experiences, as here related.

## CHAPTER V.

### RED MARK'S DEFIANCE.

When Diamond Dick, Jr., heard of the decoy message which had been sent to old Diamond Dick, he was very much wrought up.



He knew the old veteran was capable of taking care of himself, at any stage of the game, but he also knew that not a suspicion to the effect that the message was a decoy had entered Diamond Dick's head, and most certainly it had not entered Bertie's.

Thoughts of the veteran's danger caused the young sport to make the return to Ouray at top speed, and he forced Bear-Paw to a gait which tried the endurance of the horse Fritz was riding.

"You have done me a big service to-day, Fritz," remarked Diamond Dick, Jr., as he rode.

"Say nodding, Bertie," returned Fritz. "You got indo der troubles by goming oudt looking for me, don'd id? Vell, den id vas righdt dot I pull you oudt ven I findt dot I am able. Yah, sure."

"I'm afraid that your tip as to Diamond Dick has come too late to be of any use," Bertie went on.

"Der olt vederan has gone by Powie Siding alretty?"

"Yes, several hours ago. By now, he has had time to get into the trap and, I hope, out of it again."

"Ach, oof I could haf got away pefore!" exclaimed Fritz. "Aber I dell you, Bertie! Oof dey do anyding mit Tiamont Tick, ve vill go on der var-path und make der Derrors dink dey have dangled oop mit some eardquakes!"

"I have never yet seen Diamond Dick get into a fix he couldn't get out of, and I have a feeling that he will get out of this one."

They rode on for some time in silence.

A mile out of Ouray they splashed through a small stream and the young sport suggested to Fritz that he stay there long enough to get some of the white-wash off of him.

"It wouldn't look well, you know," said Diamond Dick, Jr., "for the Petrified Boy to come riding into town. A raft of people would want to get their four bits apiece, and you and Two-Spot and Bung Loo would go bankrupt trying to pay them."

"Doo-Shpot has der money, Bertie."

"Not much he hasn't."

"Vere id iss, den?"

"It was stolen by the Terrors along with the red box."

"Ach, mein lieber schatz!" groaned Fritz.

Seeing the wisdom of the young sport's suggestion, the Teuton tarried by the stream while Bertie spurred on into town.

When he came in sight of the main street he no-

ticed that there seemed to be a good deal of excitement.

People were gathered in knots, in various places, talking excitedly about something, and many were moving hurriedly toward a point which seemed to be directly in front of the Kohinoor Concert Hall.

As soon as young Diamond Dick appeared among the throng on the street he was hailed by half-a-dozen men at once.

"What's the raffle, Kever?" Bertie asked, addressing himself to the sheriff, who was one of those who had spoken to him.

"If reports are to be believed," answered Kever, "old Diamond Dick has been done up by the Terrors."

"Never!" declared Diamond Dick, Jr., firmly.

"It looks very much as though the reports were true," returned Kever, "much as I hate to believe it."

"Where have the reports come from?"

"There's a notice posted up on the front door of the Kohinoor."

"Who put it there?"

"Nobody knows. All we can find out is that it wasn't there a half an hour ago, and that it is there now."

Diamond Dick, Jr.'s quick eye singled out Bung Loo from among the excited crowd.

"Here, Looey," he cried, springing down from his horse. "Take Bear-Paw to the corral and tell the corral boss to rub him down well and take good care of him."

"You bettee!" exclaimed the Chink, springing to catch the bridlereins. "You finde out about old Dimun Dick, eh?"

"I've just heard that they think Diamond Dick has been done up. Where's Harry?"

"No can tell. Han'sum Hally him clazy. Lun aloud likee stleak, talkee, talkee, talkee allee time. Whoop yah, him say. Me Selpent Siskiyon, gottee seventeen lattel an' button! Me wipee out gang that killee Dimun Dick! Oh, him clazy, clazy as bed blug! An' him say——"

But Diamond Dick, Jr., did not wait for Bung Loo to finish.

Heading in the direction of the Kohinoor, he finally pushed and elbowed his way through the crowd about the front door and came close enough so he



could see a sheet of foolscap paper affixed to one of the panels by tacks.

"Wake up, snakes, an' warble fer revenge!" bel-  
owed the deep bass of Handsome Harry. "They do  
say thet ole Diming Dick, ther boss outlaw tamer o'  
these hyer measas an' mountings, has been made ter  
cash in. Ef it turns out ter be so, pard Harry 'll get  
as busy as a monkey with his hand in a cocoanut.  
D'ye hear me? D'ye hear my bazoo a-echoin' out?  
I've trained with the Dicks almost ever sence  
Ameriky was diskivered, an' ef these hyer Terrors  
hev got the old veteran on the hip, the old Sarpint  
'll wake up, buzz his rattles an' purceed ter throw  
pizen! Way, thar! Make way fer Diming Dick, Jr.,  
the son of his dad. Pardy, cast yore peepers over thet  
an' tell me what ye think of it?"

Harry, while voicing these characteristic remarks,  
was in front of the door on which the notice was  
posted.

When he finished speaking, he caught Diamond  
Dick, Jr., by the arm and pulled him forward.

This is what the young sport read, fairly well  
written with pen and ink:

"To the Citizens of Ouray, Greeting: This is to  
inform you that old Diamond Dick has been wiped  
out of our give-and-take at Bowie Siding. We in-  
tend to boss this country from one end of the Tough  
Nut and Pick-Me-Up Road to the other. Interested  
parties will kindly take warning. Diamond Dick's  
pards are next!

"RED MARK, Chief of the Terrors."

The name, Red Mark, was signed in ink.

"I won't believe it!" cried young Diamond Dick,  
a chill of fear striking him to the heart. "At the  
worst, Diamond Dick can only be a prisoner. They'd  
never dare to put him out of the way."

"Hyer's sarcumstantial evidence, son," the old  
Serpent answered, a fierce light in his eyes and a  
black frown on his brow. "A telegram thet jest  
come. Read it."

Bertie took the message and read as follows:

"The Dicks, Ouray: Shooting and trouble gener-  
ally at Bowie. Station building fired and burning.  
"Conductor down passenger."

"That message doesn't prove that old Diamond  
Dick has got the worst of it," shouted a voice from  
the crowd.

At that moment a loud, shrill whistle came from  
the direction of the depot.

"What's that?" demanded Diamond Dick, Jr.  
"There's no train due here at this hour."

"It's the special thet's been ordered ter go ter  
Bowie," answered Harry. "Come along, son, an'  
we'll git aboard."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FIGHT AT BOWIE.

The special consisted of an engine and a flat car.

When it steamed out of Ouray, Diamond Dick,  
Jr., and Harry and Two-Spot and Bung Loo were  
aboard, also Buck Keever and ten trusty deputies,  
every man a crack shot.

More wanted to go and some had even climbed  
onto the flat.

They were made to get off, however, for the young  
sport thought that too many men would hamper  
their operations.

A small, compact, well-armed force could be used  
to much better advantage than a poorly armed mob.

The special was still in sight when Fritz Dunder  
appeared on the track in front of the depot and  
chased after it, yelling at the top of his voice and  
waving his arms.

"Hully gee!" cried Two-Spot Peters. "I'm a  
farmer if there ain't Little Bright-Eyes himself."

"Him no gottee whitewash ally mo'!" cried Bung  
Loo; "him no——"

"Stow your chatter!" whispered Two-Spot, giving  
Looney a nudge in the ribs.

"You'll be givin' the snap away to some of these  
gazabus."

The New York kid looked up at Diamond Dick,  
Jr., who was standing close by.

"Goin' to pull up and take Dutchy aboard?" he  
asked.

"Not this afternoon," answered Diamond Dick,  
Jr. "I don't want to lose the time."

"Where Flitz come from, hey?" queried Bung Loo.

Bertie, in a low tone, told the boys and Hand-  
some Harry what had happened in the hills.

Two hours later, just before Bowie Siding was  
reached, the special slackened speed.

"What's the matter?" cried Diamond Dick, Jr.,  
looking at the engineer over the coal in the tender.

"We're in sight of Bowie," the engineer called  
back.

"Wall," shouted Harry, "thet ain't clost enough."

"There's smoke ahead——"



"Sure," interjected Keever; "the depot was fired and I reckon it's burnin' yet."

"And there are a lot of tough-lookin' critters on the track," the engineer went on.

"How many?" asked Diamond Dick, Jr., leaning out over the side of the flat car to see for himself.

"Fifteen or twenty."

"Run 'em down!" roared Handsome Harry.

"Guns are trumps, boys!" cried Keever; "get ready with your hardware!"

"Land us in front of the burning depot just as quick as you can," ordered Diamond Dick, Jr.

The next moment the special was literally flying along the rails.

Wild whoops and fierce yells were heard, growing rapidly in volume as the special got nearer.

Following the yells there came a spattering volley of shots, ringing against the gear of the engine, plugging into the woodwork of the flat car and singing through the air.

Not all of the bullets went wild, for Bill Hickey, one of the deputies, dropped his gun and pitched headfirst over the side of the car.

Bill's loss worked the sheriff's posse up to a fever heat.

The fireman and engineer had ducked down under the cab windows, but hung pluckily to their posts until the burning depot was reached, when the special was brought to a halt.

There were no houses at Bowie Siding, aside from the small depot, which was now a heap of smouldering ashes.

It was not a telegraph station and there was no agent there, the depot being used merely as a warehouse for supplies.

The siding was the nearest point to a country where there was an abundance of tie-timber.

The Dicks had been working in the woods and hauling, and the ground about the depot was covered with heaps of ties.

On each side of the special, as it came to a halt, there were groups of tough-looking villains, every one well heeled and many of them using guns with both hands.

"Charge them!" shouted Diamond Dick, Jr., "half one one side and half on the other!"

Splitting up into two parties, the young sport's men flung themselves from the flat car, losing two more of their number.

Handsome Harry had a bullet pass through his flannel shirt at the waist and "tickle" his ribs—as he put it—and Diamond Dick, Jr., had his hat brim perforated.

But the charge of Bertie's party was savage and effective.

Four of the outlaws tumbled in their tracks, and the rest scurried to find cover behind the tie-piles, like so many prairie dogs making for their burrows.

At Bertie's order, his own men likewise took shelter behind ties, and the fight that followed was largely of the sniping variety.

Bertie and Handsome Harry were together, behind one of the improvised breastworks.

"Looky thar, son," growled the old Serpent, pumping a shell into his Winchester; "I see the top of a man's head over the ties to the right. Durn him fer a short yearin', but hyer's whar he gits it!"

Harry's rifle was thrown to his shoulder.

Before he could press the trigger, however, a shot came from somewhere—neither the young sport nor the old Serpent could tell just where—and the hat dropped like a flash.

"Some hombre got ahead o' me," grunted Harry, "but I'll bet a poncho thet the next varmint I see —"

A bullet, at that precise instant, chugged into a tie less than an inch from the Californian's elbow.

"I see the villian that fired that shot," declared Diamond Dick, Jr.

He brought up his rifle quickly, but again the mysterious marksman scored a point, and the wonder grew upon the two pards as to who the man was and where he was shooting from.

"We'll make a charge of this," said Bertie, "and wind up the thing with a rush. This pot-shooting is altogether too slow to suit me."

"Thet's the tork!" seconded Harry. "Let's make front on the varmints. They're over thar, an' thar I allow they fixes ter stay unless we run 'em out."

Leaping up on the pile of ties, amid a perfect shower of bullets, Diamond Dick, Jr., waved his hat.

"Rout 'em out from behind their fort, boys!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

Then, with furious shouts, Bertie and his men rushed the outlaw's stronghold.

A hand-to-hand fight followed and the Californian got tangled up with a herculean individual fully as



large as himself and with hair and whiskers of even a more fiery red.

"I'm Red Mark!" whooped the big fellow, gripping his empty rifle by the barrel and whirling it savagely about his head. "I'm right from the stampin' ground of the renegades in Idyho an' never was licked, an' no gun-fanner ever give me the kibosh! I've fourteen notches ter my credit, an' arter I'm done with you, my bully, I'll cut another!"

"Then ye'll cut it in a hotter place than Arizony!" yelled Handsome Harry, deftly ducking and catching the stock of the gun as it whirled above his head. "I'm Han'some Harry, an' I ain't never met the yap thet could get me on the mat!"

With a terrific pull, he jerked the gun from Red Mark's hands and they clinched and wrestled and batted each other over the ties, tracks and the bare ground.

Finally the old Serpent got the leader of the Terrors under him and would have made him a prisoner but for a terrific explosion which came with startling suddenness, and filled the air with ties, stones, dust and other debris.

The fight had been raging fiercely, but that explosion put a quietus on the scrimmage.

Handsome Harry was close to it and was hurled flat to the ground, stunned and for a few moments utterly oblivious of all that was taking place around him.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MARKSMAN.

When the smoke and dust had cleared away, and Diamond Dick, Jr., had pulled himself out of the tie-pile into which the force of the explosion had hurled him, he found Two-Spot sitting up on the ground rubbing his head, a little stream of blood trickling down from his temple.

"Were you shot, Two-Spot?" asked Bertie.

"Nixey," answered the New York kid. "I tried to split a tie with my head, that's all. Jee-mi-nee!" and Two-Spot doubled his fist and drummed his knuckles against his forehead. "This top piece of mine feels as though it had been hit by a cannon-ball. Who did it?"

"The Terrors," replied Diamond Dick, Jr. "It was the only chance for those who were left to get away. They had some powder, under one of these tie piles, and touched it off."

At that point a loud wail broke on the ears of Bertie and the Bowery boy.

"Oh, jiminy Klismas! China boy all blokee up! No go back to China ally mo'! No go back to China ally, mo'! Whoosh!"

Diamond Dick, Jr., and Two-Spot hurried around a heap of ties on the left of where they were standing and found Bung Loo on his knees, his pretty silk jacket all rent and torn and his pigtail in his hands.

"What's the racket, Looey?" asked the New York kid.

A look of unutterable grief was on the Chink's yellow face as he held up the long strand of braided hair.

"You no see?" he cried. "Me lose pigtail. Him blow off in 'splosion. Me no ace high ally mo'. Me no good alee time. Whoosh!"

"Oh, forget it!" said the disgusted Two-Spot. "You can grow another."

Diamond Dick, Jr., had no time to give to the Chinaman's woes just then, and he turned away to size up the situation and find out how the sharp mix-up had left his men.

Buck Kever was the first man he saw.

The sheriff was perched on top of the biggest pile of ties, and with his teeth and his right hand was tying a handkerchief bandage about his left arm.

"They've given us the slip, Diamond Dick, Jr.," said he, catching sight of Bertie. "They pulled out under cover of that blow-up."

"How many? Did you see them leave?"

"Ten. There they go, now, jest a-smokin'."

Kever nodded off over the stretch of desert, and young Diamond Dick, climbing up beside him, saw ten horsemen, with seven led horses with empty saddles, tearing toward the hills.

Red Mark was in the lead.

"Now, if we had horses," muttered the young sport, "we'd follow this job up and make a finish of it. We must have laid out about seven of the outlaws, eh, Kever?"

"Seving's the number, son," put in the voice of Handsome Harry, as he limped into view, poking a prisoner along with the point of his forty-fours. "Four of our boys hev turned up their toes, an' half o' what's left hev got soovenirs in the shape o' bullet holes. Blast ther bloomin' luck! Say, I had Red Mark himself, an' was jest goin' ter put the ropes on him when thet confounded blow-up interfered with



me. I was knocked out fer a spell, an' when I drifted back an' my thinkin' mill got ter grindin' agi'n, I found thet Red Mark had pulled out."

"Who's that you have there, Harry?"

"He's one o' the Terrors," replied the Californian. "I stumbled over him when I corraled my senses an' went ter nosin' around. It's my opine thet the blast knocked him over, kase he don't seem ter be hurt much other ways."

"Are you one of the Terrors?" demanded Bertie, facing the prisoner.

"Ye've said it," returned the ruffian, showing his yellow teeth in an exultant grin.

"What do you know about Diamond Dick?" the young sport went on.

"I know he's cashed in," was the response.

Reaching out his big right hand, Handsome Harry gripped the fellow by the collar band of his shirt and exerted a pressure that made him gasp.

"Consarn ye!" gritted Handsome Harry; "it ain't nothin' ter grin about. Tell us everythin' ye know, an' give it to us straight, or I'll strangle ye!"

"What do ye want ter know?" gasped the Terror, struggling for his breath.

"You say old Diamond Dick has been killed."

"Ye heerd me, didn't ye?"

"How was it done?"

"It was done by Red Mark."

"I asked you how?"

"The old vet was in the depot an' Red Mark shot him through a winder, from behind a pile o' ties!"

"The infernal coyote!" roared the old Serpent. "Why didn't I knife him instid o' tryin' ter take him pris'ner?"

"When Red Mark fired what happened?"

"We all seen ole Dimun Dick throw up his hands an' drop. Red Mark was never known ter make a miss with a Krag, an' thet's what he had when he plugged the old vet."

Handsome Harry went wild.

He raved, shook his fists, and would have jumped upon the prisoner in his rage had not Keever restrained him.

The young sport was as pale as death, but his iron nerve never deserted him.

"Then, after Diamond Dick fell, what was done?"

"The depot was set on fire an' Dimun Dick was burned."

The young sport turned away.

"We'll soon probe this story to the bottom," said he. "Harry, turn the prisoner over to Keever and come with me. We'll have a look at the ruins of the depot, and——"

"I'll save you the trouble, Bertie."

It was the voice of the old veteran himself.

Diamond Dick, Jr., whirled like lightning, and Handsome Harry gave a startled bound.

Behind them stood old Diamond Dick, a Krag rifle resting across the hollow of his left arm.

He did not seem to be injured in any way.

There was no smile on his face, but a deep, steady light burned in his dark eyes as he fixed them upon his friends.

"Diamond Dick!" cried the young sport, falling back as though from a ghost.

"Dick!" shouted Harry.

And with a jump, the Californian placed himself at his pard's side and flung his arms around him.

"Durned ef this hyer ain't a leetle the most agreeable surprise I ever met up with. What was ye doin', Dick?"

"Fighting with the rest of you," was the reply.

"Whar?"

"From under a pile of ties."

"Then you must have been the mysterious marksman that had Harry and I guessing for so long?" struck in Bertie, catching the old veteran's hand and giving it a warm pressure.

"I was the man."

"You must have had a time, Diamond Dick," said Buck Keever.

"There were seventeen of them, and all against me," replied Dick, quietly.

"How did you win out?"

"By humoring them in the belief that they had killed me."

But the startling experiences which fell to Diamond Dick deserve a place by themselves.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DIAMOND DICK'S "DODGE."

When Diamond Dick got aboard the passenger train at Ouray, to proceed to Bowie Siding, in response to the telegram supposedly from the Tough-Nut agent, he made at once for the smoking car, to enjoy a weed *en route* and to think matters over.

What was his surprise when he saw, in one of the



forward seats of the smoker, no less a person than Hal Billingsgate, the Tough-Nut agent, himself.

"Howdy, Dick," said Hal, pushing over so the general manager could take a seat beside him.

Diamond Dick gave the Tough-Nut agent a civil greeting.

"Where have you been, Billingsgate?" he queried.

"I've been up to Tanglefoot to see a friend of mine in the cattle business there. I've an interest in the herd, and drop up there occasionally to see how the cattle are doing."

"Then you didn't send me this?"

Old Diamond Dick brought out the telegram and handed it to the agent.

"I should say not!" exclaimed Billingsgate. "When did you receive this?"

"Half an hour since."

"It's a forgery!"

"Glad to know it."

"Some one is trying to trap you!"

"I'm glad to know that, too."

"I tell you, Diamond Dick," went on the Tough-Nut man, excitedly, "these Terrors are out after your scalp, and they'll move heaven and earth to get it."

"I don't care what they move. My scalp's mine, and I'm going to hang onto it."

"This is to be a finish fight between the Dicks and the Terrors."

"I shall do my utmost to make it so. It's high time we found out whether we're to have law and order on this part of the rodeo, or riot and blood shed."

"This is the last fight of the tough element. Clean them out this time and the country along the T. N. and P. will have no more troubles with gun-faunners."

"Exactly the way I size the thing up. The Terrors will be cleaned out."

"You'll get off at Contention, I suppose, and catch the next train back to Ouray?"

"No. I'm going to get off at Bowie Siding."

"But—but— Why, man, you'll be walking right into the trap that has been set for you."

"I suppose so."

"It will be suicide!"

"Hardly."

"But what's the good of risking your life?"

"I will learn the plans of my enemies and that will mean everything."

"They'll kill you! It's the rashest thing I ever heard of!"

"Diamond Dick and his pards have had wonderful luck in chasing gun-fanners and trouble-doers, Hal, and the reason they have had such luck is because they're always willing to take chances. If I hang back, the finish of this gang will be delayed indefinitely. There will be murders in the hills, robberies of lonely miners and outrages without number. The wind-up of the gang cannot be delayed an instant. They are ready to strike and I am going to meet them half-way."

"I'll get off with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go right on to Tough-Nut and find out, if you can, who it was that sent that bogus message."

"I hate to leave you to face this gang all by yourself."

Diamond Dick's reply was a quiet laugh.

Developing his cigar case, he offered it to the Tough-Nut man, then took a Havana himself and began calmly to smoke and think.

At Bowie he got up, shook the agent by the hand, walked from the coach and swung down onto the depot platform.

Conductors of all trains, passengers and freight, carried keys to the Bowie storeroom and the old veteran got the key from the conductor of the passenger.

Just as the train was pulling out, the old veteran unlocked the door of the depot, stepped quickly inside, and closed and locked the door behind him.

The building was a very small affair, and, at that time, there were no supplies stored in it.

It had two windows, barred to insure it against depredation from tramps and toughs of other varieties, and Diamond Dick stepped to one of these windows and glanced out.

It was on the side opposite the tracks, and only the heaps of railroad ties, and then the stretch of plain beyond, could be seen in that direction.

Passing to the other window, Dick proceeded to make a survey in that direction.

Hardly had he shown himself when the ripping report of a rifle echoed out.

Simultaneously with the shot, one of the panes at the window crashed into atoms, and one of the long Krag bullets passed above Diamond Dick's head and whipped into the ceiling of the room.



The bullet had struck one of the iron bars at the window and had been deflected upward.

The shot came quickly.

The old veteran, however, grasped the situation in a flash, gave a loud shout, threw up his hands and dropped.

His enemies had tried to kill him, and it would be as well if he humored them in the belief that they had succeeded.

Picking himself up hastily, Diamond Dick ran into a rear corner, knelt on one knee and held his shooters in readiness.

He was expecting his foes to enter at the door, but no one came, although he heard wild shouts and a sound of galloping hoofs outside.

Presently a smell of smoke assailed his nostrils, and he heard a crackling of flames.

Thus he became aware of the fact that he was face to face with another danger, and stood a good chance of being burned alive unless he did something to extricate himself from his perilous situation.

By degrees, smoke began to fill the room.

Creeping to the window overlooking the tracks, he peered cautiously out.

He saw a number of men, ruffians of the worst kind, perched on the railroad ties, with rifles across their knees, watching the burning building like hawks.

It was useless for him to attempt an escape in that direction.

Passing to the other side of the room, he looked from the window there, and it was with difficulty that he could see anything.

The wind was blowing from the direction of the tracks, and smoke, in surging billows, was rolling about that side of the doomed depot.

A sudden rift in the vapor gave the old veteran a glimpse of more of the ruffians posted at least a hundred yards away in order to be clear of the smoke.

Here was a chance for him.

The blinding smoke would shield him while making his escape from the depot; and if he could hide himself in one of the piles of ties, he could wait until the trouble had blown over and ultimately deliver himself out of the hands of his foes.

The thing to be done was to raise the window and wrench off one of the iron bars.

The interior of the depot was now at almost furn-

ace heat, the creeping tongues of flame were everywhere, and whatever was done must be done quickly.

The window was raised, and the draught thus created caused a choking cloud of smoke to rush out through the opening, almost overwhelming the daring old veteran.

Drawing aside for an instant to recover himself somewhat, Dick presently returned to the task before him and caught one of the bars in both hands.

His hands were small and white, but they were wonderfully strong, and the bar yielded to the violent wrench which he gave it.

The next instant he was out of the trap and crawling snake-like along the ground toward the nearest pile of ties.

The smoke covered him like a pall, but Diamond Dick had fixed the location of the ties in his mind and had no difficulty in reaching them.

He was even able to construct a hiding-place for himself, so arranged as to screen him and yet give him a view of the surroundings, with several holes large enough for use as portholes, if occasion offered for the use of his revolvers.

For a long time the smoke was dense about Dick's hiding-place and he could breathe only with the greatest difficulty.

Two hours passed, as the old veteran judged, and the smoke was less dense, although the depot was still burning.

Voices came near, and two men, at last, advanced slowly to the pile of ties and leaned against it.

"That takes the biggest trump out of the hand ag'in' us," remarked a hoarse voice. "The old vet has been sponged out, Spangler."

"Right ye are, Red Mark," responded the second man, in a tone of grim satisfaction.

"Ye're the only man in Arizony who could hev done the job."

"I told ye Dimtin Dick wouldn't last long when I got camped on his trail."

"I remember what ye said. 'Thar's a hull passel o' fellers, though, who thort ye was bluffin'."

"This will show 'em that I meant it."

"Shore it will; an' it'll bring over to us fifteen or twenty good men who are waitin' ter see whether ye make good."

"I'm aware of that; an' that's the reason I sent McKay into Ouray with a notice to stick up on the door of the Kohinoor dance hall."



"Do ye reckon McKay kin git in an' out o' the town without gittin' ketched?"

"McKay is half Injun, you know, an' all he's got to do is to put on a blanket, slip into town an' watch his chance."

"What's the next play, after this?"

"Ouray."

"What?"

Spangler jerked out the word in astonishment.

"I'm goin' into Ouray, I say, an' give all the roughs in town a chance ter join us. There's a job on there, you know, an' I figger that some of old Dick's pards have chased after the Petrified Man and have got done up. That bein' the case—an' I'll bet somethin' handsome it is—we got to strike while the iron's hot."

"But the town is big," faltered Spangler; "thar's a heap o' law an' order men in the place."

"I'll have thirty or forty men within an hour after I show up in Ouray," replied Red Mark, with confidence. "With that force, Spangler, we can raid the town. We'll loot the bank and grab treasure right an' left! Nothin' like loot to rally men around you an' get 'em to stick to you."

"If you think you can do it——"

"I know I can do it."

"But how will you get to Ouray?"

"Ride in on a freight."

Spangler gave a gasp at this daring proposal.

"I mean it," went on Red Mark. "There's another siding, a mile north of here, and there's an empty box car that's to be picked up by the next north-bound freight. We'll get into that car. The car will be side-tracked at Ouray and we can lay low inside until we get things fixed to suit us. Then we'll make our raid, steal horses at the corral and ride for the hills."

It looked like a hare-brained scheme, but Red Mark was evidently taking his cue from the raid of the Daltons in Coffeyville, Kansas.

"Ye're overlookin' one p'int," said Spangler, at last.

"I never overlook anythin'," replied Red Mark, "an' the longer you're with me the more you'll find that out. What's the point you think I've overlooked, Spangler?"

"News of this scrimmage will be spread in Ouray; no doubt, the people know it now, ef McKay has done his work."

"He's done his work all right."

"Well, the sher'f 'll head this way with a posse an' a special ter bring 'em."

"I hope so. If we can get 'em in among these ties, I'll have the powder mine set off."

"I begin ter twig yer game Red Mark!" exclaimed the exultant Spangler.

"If the sheriff comes, we'll blow him and his posse clean across the divide. I leave you to attend to that part of it, Spangler."

"I'll do it."

"And don't make a mistake and set off the blast too soon. Keep your nerve."

Spangler was on the point of returning some reassuring reply but broke off suddenly as a whistle struck on his ears.

"Blame it all! Thar's the special with the sher'f now."

"Not much," replied Red Mark. "That looks like a loco and two coaches."

"Mebby the coaches aire full of Ouray fighters."

"If they were, the train wouldn't whistle. No, Spangler, that's a special passenger hauling a party of mining men to Tough-Nut. I heard of it. They'll go through here just a whizzin'."

"But what ef they try ter stop an' take a look at the burnin' depot?"

"A few shots will send them on again," laughed Red Mark; "they won't stop if we unlimber our shootin' irons."

Thereupon the two villains left the pile of ties and hastened toward the railroad track.

More than once old Diamond Dick had drawn a bead on Red Mark's heart.

Despite the fact that a shot would have resulted in discovery for himself, he was tempted to end the career of robbery and murder which the daring outlaw was planning for his gang.

When Diamond Dick heard of the bold scheme for riding into Ouray in a box car, however, another way suggested itself out of the difficulty.

He slipped into his pocket the revolver he was holding and gave his attention to the train carrying the mining men.

At first it seemed as though the engineer was on the point of slowing up.

The conductor and a brakeman were on the platform of one of the cars, eyeing the smoking ruins of the depot with evident interest and curiosity.



But a few shots were all that were necessary to cause the trainmen to retreat into the coach and, instead of halting, the men in the cab ducked down and the engineer pulled out the throttle.

On went the train and finally disappeared from sight.

Then began another period of waiting for old Diamond Dick.

Two or three hours passed, and then the engine and flat car hove into sight and the battle began.

Early in the fight, one of the outlaws who had been slain dropped near the end of Dick's place of concealment and the veteran secured the fellow's rifle, which proved to be of the Krag-Jorgensen pattern—indisputable evidence that Red Mark and his gang were well armed.

Finding that he could do more effective work in the open, Diamond Dick held his position, and then, after the explosion, came out as soon as he could extricate himself.

The blow-up had displaced some of the ties about him and several minutes of hard work were required before he could get free.

But at last, as we have already seen, he found Diamond Dick, Jr., Handsome Harry and Kever, and was delighted to learn that they had not been seriously hurt; for the fight, although short, had been one of the sharpest in which the Dick<sup>s</sup> had ever been engaged.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PLANNING A WHOLESALE CAPTURE.

Diamond Dick briefly informed his friends how he had effected his escape from the depot, while it was burning, and also informed them why it was that the outlaws had been so positive that he had been put out of the way.

He told no one, however, of what he had overheard concerning the plans of Red Mark and his men.

The information, at that stage, would have been of no benefit whatever to the old veteran's pards.

Besides, it was very important, and Diamond Dick had been gradually formulating an idea which might result in the capture of two-thirds of the gang of Terrors, including their leader and his principal aides.

Such a stroke would break the backbone of the "war," so to speak, would keep any would-be outlaws from flocking to the ranks of Red Mark and

would form an object lesson such as the toughs and trouble breeders in that part of the country would never forget.

While Diamond Dick went about among the sheriff and his men, ascertaining the number of the slain on both sides, and inquiring into the seriousness of the wounds of those who were hurt, his mind was continually at work upon his plan, although no one would have thought so, to look at him.

Four of the sheriff's ten were killed, and every one of the remaining number, including Kever himself, was wounded.

"The slain are to be taken back to Ouray," said Diamond Dick, "and those of the wounded, who feel that they can bear a part in matters yet to develop, may proceed on the special as far as the Gravel Pit. Harry, you and the boys are to go along; Bertie will remain here with me."

"What's ter happen at the Gravel Pit, Dick?" inquired the old Serpent, in a tone of disappointment.

"No fighting, I hope, but a wholesale capture of our enemies, hands down."

The Californian was greatly puzzled.

"You must be one o' these hyer spook doctors, Dick," he remarked, "an' aire goin' ter work a hocus-pocus."

"Not a hocus-pocus, exactly, old pard," responded the veteran, "but a flying switch."

That did not enlighten the old Serpent any; if anything, it put him farther at sea.

"Wall," he observed, finally, "ye've got an eighteen-karat thinker, Dick, an' we won't go noways wrong ef we leave ye ter work out the idee. It's settled thet you an' Bertie stay hyer, an' thet Kever, an' the kids, an' myself, together with the rest, board the special an' ride back on the road toward Ouray. At the Gravel Pit, all thet aire able, git off an' wait fer Red Mark an' his Terrors ter come in an' be nabbed. Anythin' pertic'ler thet us fellers at the Pit aire ter do?"

"You're to keep away from the Pit and the spur track, although hidden in a place where you can watch the siding."

"Check."

"And you're to have a supply of rope with you, cut into suitable lengths for tying prisoners."

"Keno."

"That's all."



"Hadn't we better git some hosses some'rs, an' hev 'em ready?"

"We won't need any horses."

"Wall, what the tarnal blazes—— Oh, looky hyer, 'tain't no good fer me ter try ter guess anythin', so I'm goin' ter pass it up. We'll be thar, Dick, an' jest as ye tell us. Ef the thing ain't pulled off proper it won't be becuz the rest o' yer combine don't do all ye expect."

"That's right, Harry. I'd tell you more, if I thought best."

"I know ye would, pard, but ye're the doctor."

The fallen outlaws had been buried, the sheriff's slain had been put onto the flat car, and all that remained was for the rest who were going to climb aboard.

In a few minutes the flat car was pushed off down the track, leaving the Dicks at the lonely siding, beside the ruins of the smouldering depot.

"While we're waiting for the north-bound train, Bertie," said the old veteran, "I'll explain my plan to you. I didn't want to tell Harry and the rest because if a whisper of it managed to reach the ears of Red Mark, our hands would be in the air. This is too good an opportunity to effect a wholesale capture to be jeopardized by any indiscretion at this stage."

Seating themselves on a heap of ties on the scene of the recent battle, old Diamond Dick explained his scheme to Diamond Dick, Jr.

"We can work it like a top!" exclaimed the young sport, when the old veteran had finished. "That is, of course, if they really get into that car on the siding a mile north of here."

"There, as I take it, is the only possible chance for our scheme to fail. But keeping my plan to myself I think I have reduced that possibility to a minimum."

"The only question that arises in my mind is this: You overheard Red Mark telling his plan to this Spangler before our set-to. Red Mark did not come out of that scrimmage with flying colors, and do you think he will still cling to the wild idea of a raid at Ouray?"

"I think he will. He's a cutthroat and a dare-devil. He knows as well as we do that a bold plan will sometimes win out through its own recklessness. So the slight check he received here will not deter him from making this other attempt."

"Then his goose is as good as cooked," said Bertie, with confidence.

When the north-bound freight showed up, which it did shortly after Diamond Dick had finished detailing his plan to the young sport, they flagged her and swung up onto the way-car.

The conductor was very much surprised at meeting with old Diamond Dick.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I was going to get a lot of crape an' put the way-car in mourning for you, Diamond Dick. Up and down the line every one is talking about the way the g. m. was lured to Bowie and killed by the Terrors."

"The news has traveled fast," smiled the old veteran.

"That's the way that kind of news always travels. Kind of a panic is settin' in, too. People from up the line are telegraphin' to Tough-Nut to engage quarters, thinking the country won't be safe when everything gets into the hands of the Terrors."

"There'll be a different message to send along the wires before sundown," remarked Diamond Dick, quietly.

The conductor took a squint at the sun through the window in the "lookout."

"The sun's about an hour high," he observed, doubtfully.

"That's high enough," said Diamond Dick. "Are you to pick up an empty at Bullet Bend?"

"Them's the orders."

"I'd like to borrow your switchkey, Pierce."

"Here it is," answered the conductor, taking the key from his pocket and handing it to Diamond Dick. "Goin' to throw a switch some'rs?"

"At the Gravel Pit, and do it on the fly."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the astonished conductor. "You can't."

"Why not?"

"The track's down grade, at the Pit, and we scoot past there like a streak of lightnin'."

"Diamond Dick, Jr., and I will make the attempt, anyhow."

"You'll break your neck droppin' off."

"That remains to be seen. When you take on the empty at Bullet Bend, break the train in the middle. Give the engineer instructions to watch out for signals from Diamond Dick, Jr., and myself in the vicinity of the Pit."

"I'll do it, of course, but I know you can't make



no flyin' switch at the Pit," and the conductor went out on the forward platform, shaking his head forebodingly.

The car at Bullet Bend was No. 18376; and it looked innocent enough as the engine and the front half of the train backed down for it, drew it out on the main track and pushed it down to the rear half of the train.

"Ned Ryan is in the cab, Diamond Dick," said the conductor, as he returned to the way-car when the freight was once more in motion. "He's a good man and says he'll do all he can to help you."

"All right," said Dick. "I can depend on Ryan, I know that."

"What car you going to set out at the Pit?"

"The one you just picked up."

"Want to load it with gravel, eh?"

"Not exactly. Come on, Bertie; we'll go out on top."

The Dicks left the car by the front door, climbed the iron ladder and got up on the toepath.

One of the train crew was sitting on a brakehead waiting for them.

"If I can do anything to help you, Diamond Dick," said he, "I'm ready. I'll even make the jump for the switch, if you say so. It's a breakneck job, but better my neck than yours."

"No one's neck is going to be broken this trip," returned Diamond Dick. "You can help us, though."

"How?"

"Uncouple car 18376 at the rear end when young Diamond Dick and I get ready to make the switch."

"Who'll do the uncouplin' at the other end?"

"I'll attend to that," replied Bertie.

"Another thing," went on the old veteran, "I don't want too much of a slowdown this side of the Pit."

"All right, sir," answered the mystified brakeman, and it is safe to assume that he thought the old veteran was crazy. "You'd better get ready. The Pit's in sight."

"Uncouple the rear of the car when opposite the mesquite tree," said the old veteran, pointing.

"Very good, sir."

Thereupon the three hurried forward and took their places at each end of car 18376.

The spur leading into the Gravel Pit was a short one, and it terminated flush up against a vertical bank as high as a house. It was this condition of

affairs that Diamond Dick had given due consideration in formulating his plan, and the wisdom of doing so will shortly be made manifest.

The freight slackened speed, the loco pushing back on its load to an extent which the old veteran thought hardly necessary; so he waved a signal for a faster gait.

The old veteran then lowered himself down to the bottom of the iron ladder on the car ahead of 18376.

Young Diamond Dick was on the bumper, ready to draw the pin.

Doing the uncoupling would be no trick as the entire train was pushing down on the engine, and every pin was loose.

At the mesquite, the brakeman set the rear part of the train loose from the car.

"Now!" called Diamond Dick to the young sport.

That was Bertie's cue to pull the coupling pin, and the front half of the train leaped away from car 18376.

Opposite the switch old Diamond Dick made his leap, and he was watched by every man on the train, except Diamond Dick, Jr.

The young sport had his hands so full he had no time for anything but his own work.

## CHAPTER X.

### SIDE-TRACKING THE TERRORS.

The trainmen were all surprised at the easy way in which the old veteran dropped off the train, landed right side up and leaped to the switch without losing an instant.

The switch key jumped into his hand like magic, and the lock was opened in an inconceivably short space of time.

Then old Diamond Dick threw the switch, and the carload of Terrors took the siding with a rush.

Red Mark and his men had become aware that something was wrong, and when the car flew past the old veteran, a big villain with a revolver in his hand, was just pushing open the sliding side door.

In a flash a number of dark figures were seen to rise into bold relief on top of the Pit.

They were Harry, Keever and the rest, who had just made a good guess as to what old Diamond Dick's plan was, and were showing themselves to wave their hats and whoop.

The rear half of the train rolled down onto the first half—Diamond Dick having turned the switch



back under the rear wheels of 18376—and Diamond Dick, Jr., dropped in the coupling pin and then dropped off the train, as easily and gracefully as the old veteran had done a few moments before.

The young sport recovered his balance and whirled around just in time to see the end of 18376 bang into the wall of the gravel bank.

The shake-up given to the Terrors inside was something tremendous.

The man standing in the door was hurled high into the air and at least fifteen feet to the rear; and after the first wild yell that accompanied the awful shock, all was silent within the car.

"Come down with those ropes, Harry!" sung out old Diamond Dick. "Hurry!"

"On deck, pardy!" shouted back the old Serpent, rolling and tumbling down the steep side of the pit.

He was closely followed by Two-Spot, Bung Loo, Keever and the rest, all with ropes in their hands except the Chink.

In his wild excitement, Looey forgot he had any ropes, dropped them and couldn't find them again.

Diamond Dick pushed open the door of the car and sprang inside, all the rest following with the exception of Bung Loo.

He halted beside the man who had been thrown from the car and as the fellow showed signs of recovering and taking to his heels, the Chink dropped down on him like a thousand of brick.

"No makee bleak!" he yelled; "you no lunaway. China boy fixee you!"

Thereupon the Chinese boy jerked his severed pig-tail from his pocket, turned the outlaw over on his face, pulled his arms behind his back and tied his hands at the wrists.

Meanwhile the old veteran and his friends were having everything their own way in the car.

When they got inside, the Terrors were lying in a tangled heap in the rear end of the car, every man of them stunned into insensibility.

"Hyer's the feller with fourteen notches on his gun stock!" roared Handsome Harry, and made a dive at Red Mark, pulled him out of the pile and roped him strongly.

All the rest, save two, were treated in like manner; the two in question were wounded in such a way as to preclude tying, one having a broken arm and the other a broken leg.

The freight train had not left the scene; but had

backed up the grade to stand by and see if the old veteran needed any help.

Examination of car 18376 showed that it was a candidate for the repair shops; for which reason the prisoners had all to be transferred to the way-car.

This transfer of the outlaws and their arms was accomplished before more than half of them had recovered their wits.

When Red Mark opened his eyes and saw the old Serpent sitting beside him with a gun across his knees, and saw old Diamond Dick on the bench along the side of the car, and a choice collection of Krag rifles and small arms piled beside him, he gave a gasp and stared hard, as though he thought he must be dreaming; then, when his eyes had swept over the rest of his men, all securely tied and lying in a row, fenced in by young Diamond Dick, Keever, the boys and the rest, he was still more bewildered.

At last, when he realized that he had been captured by a trick, that old Diamond Dick had not been disposed of after all, and that the Terrors had been beaten at their own game, a baffled oath escaped his lips and he struggled like a fiend to free himself.

"Keerful, Red!" said Handsome Harry, placing the point of a rifle against the outlaw leader's breast and forcing him down; "the man beside ye has got a broken arm an' it ain't right fer ye ter disturb him."

"Curse you, Dimun Dick!" said Red Mark, through his teeth. "How did you ever dodge my bullet?"

"I didn't," answered the old veteran; "the bullet dodged me."

"I never made a miss at that distance in my life!"

"The bullet struck an iron bar at the window and glanced upward."

"An' you dropped and pertended ter be hit?"

"That's the way of it."

"But how did ye git out o' thet burnin' depot?"

"Under cover of the smoke. I hid in a pile of ties and listened to your talk with Spangler and that made this deal a possibility."

The baffled outlaw began to rave and swear, but old Diamond Dick cut him short.

"That won't help your case any. Stop, or I'll have you gagged."

"You knew we were in that car, eh?" queried Red Mark, quieting down.

"Of course."



"An' you made a flyin' switch an' set the car inter the Gravel Pit?"

"Of course."

"And it was the neatest flying switch ever made on this line!" averred Pierce.

"Or any other!" added the admiring brakeman.

"You slammed us inter a cliff, didn't ye?" persisted Red Mark.

"That's the only way I could capture you without shooting and bloodshed."

The outlaw chief was silent for some moments.

Then he went on:

"Thet was the worst shakin' up I ever got in my life!" he declared. "All us fellers went kerslam inter the rear end o' the car an' I don't remember anythin' more until I opened my eyes in here, a spell ago."

"I opine this finishes the Terrors, eh, Red?" inquired Handsome Harry.

"I give in!" grunted Red Mark. "The Dicks aire too many fer me. I come hyer from Idyho supposin' I'd hey an easy time, but it wasn't so much of a walkaway as I expected."

And that was how Red Mark, the last man imported by the Terrors to act as their leader against the Dicks, threw up the sponge and acknowledged himself counted out.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE END OF THE "WAR."

It was long after dark when the freight pulled into Ouray.

There was a crowd at the depot to welcome those aboard, for the wounded, brought in from Bowie Siding, had spread the news that Diamond Dick had not been killed, after all, but was hot on the trail of his old enemies.

When the old veteran appeared at the rear door of the way-car and stepped down to the platform under the electric light that swung in front of the depot, a ringing cheer went up from the townspeople.

"Hooray for the Dicks!"

"Three cheers for the old veteran who never knew defeat!"

"Dree dimes dree und some tigers for eferybody!"

The last was from Fritz Dunder, who rushed through the throng, and, in his exuberant joy began to hug every one he bumped against.

It so happened that he bumped against a colored

woman who sold pies and ginger snaps to passengers on the trains passing through Ouray, and the Teuton was too much wrought up to discriminate.

He tried to hug her, calling her "Hantsome Harry, der feller mit sigsdeen raddles und a putton," and the colored woman hauled off and almost knocked Fritz through the side of the station.

This caused a diversion and a yell of laughter went up from the spectators.

"Say, Flitzzy," wailed Bung Loo, "me loosee pigtail! No go back to China ally mo'."

"You loose der pigtail, hey?" returned Fritz. "Veil, dot's pedder as I can't dell, Looey. Id vasn't no goot anyvay."

Then Bung Loo would have handed Fritz one if Two-Spot hadn't stepped in between.

"Duck on it," said he; "we haven't any time for joshin'. There's a lot of prisoners in the way-car and we've got to take 'em off and get them over to the jail."

"Vy didn't you wait for me, Pertie?" inquired Fritz. "I shaced afder der train for a mile!"

"We didn't have time to stop, Fritz," the young sport answered.

There happened to be a dray at the station and Bertie hailed the driver and had him back up to the station platform.

The ten Terrors were unloaded from the caboose, carried across the platform, loaded onto the dray, and driven to the jail in charge of Keever and the men with him.

"Put all, except the two wounded men, in irons, Keever," Diamond Dick called. "We don't want to take any chances with this outfit."

"I'll take care of them all right, Dick," Keever called back.

Then, before the crowd would allow the old veteran with his pards to make for their hotel he found it necessary to climb up on a box and give them a little talk.

What he said was brief and to the point.

"Gentlemen, I am pleased to report that the last gang of outlaws—the most dangerous gang that has ever infested this part of the country—has been put out of business. From now on I can promise you that life and property will be as safe anywhere along the line of the T. N. and P. Road as in the towns of Tough-Nut or Ouray. I and my pards are much obliged to you for your testimonials of good will and,



as we have had a pretty hard day of it, I beg that you will allow us to proceed to the hotel so that we can get to work at our supper as soon as possible."

This appeal was granted, and the old veteran and his party made for the hotel.

Thus closed the "war" which the Tough-Nut Terrors had directed against the Diamond Dicks.

At the end it had flattened out ingloriously and the bloodless capture of Red Mark and nine of his men was a topic under discussion for many days all up and down the line of Diamond Dick's railroad.

The trouble-breeders had met defeat.

There was nothing for the few of the gang who still remained at large, or for their sympathizers, to do but to get out of the country—and this they did without loss of time.

The ten were brought to trial, in due course, and Red Mark was hanged; the rest of the prisoners are now serving good long terms at hard labor.

Everything was well with Diamond Dick and his pards, after this set-to with the Terrors, with the possible exception of Bung Loo.

The loss of his queue was a most appalling disaster. It had been a wonderfully fine queue and the tip of it had swung below his belt.

But now all that was left to him was a bob-tailed appendage about three inches in length.

He could never go back to China until he got another queue, that was certain.

And it was equally certain that the only way he could get another queue was by growing it.

A man happened along selling a kind of stuff that was warranted to grow hair on a billiard ball.

Bung Loo fell into the man's toils and made a bargain with him.

The quack was to grow a four-foot queue on the Chink's head in twenty-five days, for \$25; and the quack was to receive a dollar a day and have his board paid, the dollar to be handed him every evening.

Bung Loo was thrilled with delight.

For five days the treatment was kept up and then, to Bung Loo's horror, the three inches of queue which he had left came off and he secured a shotgun and chased the quack out of Ouray.

The standing puzzle among the good citizens of the town was the wonderful Petrified Boy which had been stolen from the storeroom under Andy's gambling establishment.

The red box had been found, far out in the hills, but nothing was ever after heard of the "fossil."

All any one ever knew was that it was not in the box when the latter was discovered.

Nor did the boys every get back the money which they had taken in during the one day the "petrification" had been exhibited.

This was perfectly just, no doubt.

The public may like to be humbugged, but the fact that the public likes it hardly condones the offense.

"I dink der vild man pitzness iss all right," said Fritz, confidentially to the Chink and Two-Spot. "Schust shtick a liddle fur on Pung Loo und he vill look vild enough, I bed you, mitout dot pig-tail."

"Go soakee head!" exclaimed the disgruntled Chink. "Me no wild man, you bettee. You one piecee wild man you'self!"

"Say," retorted Fritz, bristling up, "you make some monkeydoodle pitzness mit me und ve'll send you pack to China in a box. Yah, dot's rightdt."

"You clazy Dutchman!" cried Looey, doubling up his yellow fists.

"Don'd you call me grazy, you slant-eyed yahoo! I vill knock you oudt in voner oundt. Dot's rightdt."

"Time!" called Two-Spot.

But the "go" was not "pulled off."

The trouble with Looey and Fritz, as the New York kid afterward explained to the old Serpent, was "that one was afraid an' the other dassent."

"Let 'em keep their extra steam," said Harry.

"They may need it."

"Is there something in the wind, Harry?" asked Two-Spot, eagerly.

"I don't know fer sure, kid, but I opine thar is."

THE END.

Yes, boys, there was something in the wind. Next week's issue (No. 286) will let you know what it is. It is entitled "Diamond Dick's Rush Orders; or, A Quick Wind-Up at the Post." The wind that brought it was a regular cyclone, and the Dicks came near being caught in it.

It suited Handsome Harry up to the handle, for there was plenty of trouble, as you will read next week.





"A genuine rip-roarin' cyclone!" That's the way Handsome Henry describes the present contest.

Well, it is a pretty big success. About the biggest yet. On page 30 you will find full particulars about it, and just below you will find a few of the latest and best arrivals.

### A Fearful Leap.

(By Garfield Hight.)

Darkness had fallen over the Shoshone village, and Ralph Grayson, tightly bound to an upright column in the prison lodge, gazed out on the little circle of green prairie enclosed by the wigwams of the Indians, where the youths of the tribe were dancing and yelling around the blazing bonfires, with indescribable feelings.

For on the morrow he was to suffer death at the stake, and what pen can portray the wild thoughts and emotions of one hovering on the verge of the spirit world? Ralph was a free-trapper, who had ventured far from home and kindred to trap the beaver and otter, in their favorite haunts.

Experienced in the ways of the wily redmen, he had long escaped all the snares which they had set for him, just as he laid traps for the beaver.

But now he was in their power, fast bound in their prison lodge, and doomed to die on the morrow.

The hooting redskins, tired out at last, returned back to their wigwams, for the night, and the fires on the village ground died down. But Ralph Grayson slept not, his mind was full of thoughts of the forthcoming day.

Midnight came and passed.

Suddenly a light step sounded in the prison lodge, and a hand was laid on Ralph's arm.

"Hist!" said a low voice. "Do not speak aloud!"

"Who are you?" exclaimed the young trapper, eagerly.

"Careful! I'm a friend. There, you are free. Now follow me."

The thongs fell from Grayson's limbs, and he was free.

He would have spoken further, but the unknown guide forbade it.

Like spectres, the two glided through the Shoshone camp.

By the glow of the smoldering fires Ralph saw that his guide was a woman.

Outside of the village they came upon two horses, bridled and secured to a tree.

"Let the white brave mount," said the rescuer.

"And you! Will not your agency in this matter be discovered?"

"Daylight will find me many leagues away," was the firm but modest reply. "Let the white brave mount and Red Fawn will guide him to a place of safety."

Grayson caught the hand of the speaker.

"You must not make this sacrifice for me," he said. "You have freed me—for that may God forever bless you! But you are a Shoshone maiden. I cannot permit you to leave your people to guide me over these prairies on which I defy the foe to capture me."

"The Red Fawn is the daughter of a chief. She comes and goes when she chooses; she will guide the white brave."

Grayson could not move her from this resolution.

Mounting, they rode together throughout the whole night.

Ralph was charmed with his fair companion. He found her remarkably talented, refined and intelligent for one of her position in life.

Her English was perfect, only tinged with a pretty idiom.

He afterward found that she had received instructions from a captive white man.

Daylight showed her possessed of remarkable beauty, and the trapper felt new and delightful emotions in her company.

But daylight revealed a far more startling spectacle.

They were on a vast prairie, and around them, in every direction, small bands of Indians were to be seen.

Their flight had been speedily discovered, and by using superior horses, the Shoshones had succeeded in surrounding them during the night, unknown to either party.

There was but one hope for the fugitives.

Putting their horses to their utmost speed, they dashed toward the mountains to the south.

These they reached after a hard chase, but close behind them thundered the Shoshones.

Up the mountain side they went, speeding through the gloomy passes, as only those can ride whose lives are at stake.

Right well the dusky-skinned maiden knew the way, and she had strong hopes of escape. But these received



a great blow, when on turning to ride down a narrow canyon she perceived that the way was blocked by an immense rock.

In silence she took the only other way left open to them, but Ralph, looking in her dusky eyes, read there a silent despair.

"Are we lost?" he asked, quietly.

"Is the heart of the white brave a stranger to fear?"

"So much so that I will never again be taken alive by those fiends. But you, my heart bleeds for you."

"Let the white brave listen. This pass ends in a deep abyss, over which no man has ever passed except the Flying Eagle of the Shoshones, who leaped it with his horse to escape the Blackfeet.

"Our horses must leap this or we are lost."

"What has been done once can be done again."

"Let the white brave steel his heart. The chasm is wide and deep. If our horses falter in the leap, we fall a shapeless mass to the rocks below.

"Perhaps their best endeavors will not carry them over."

Down the narrow passage sped the fiery steeds.

Anon, the chasm, wide, deep and threatening, yawned before them.

Urged on by shout and blow, the horses took the fearful leap.

A moment of terrible suspense and they were safe on the other side. The Shoshones paused beside that fearful abyss, over which none dared to leap, and the fugitives saw them no more.

Red Fawn had loved the white trapper from the first, and her love was at least rewarded when Ralph made her his happy bride.

### A Railroad Accident.

(By Edward W. Everson, R. I.)

The train was on its way from Worcester to Buffalo. It was gliding over the rails at a high rate of speed, now switching around a curve, now climbing a steep grade to go rushing down the other side and along on the level for many miles.

Twilight was just falling, and as the tired passengers saw night approaching they were glad to think that the journey would soon end. But suddenly it became noticeable that the train was lessening in speed, until gradually it came to a standstill.

The engineer reported that a part of the machinery had broken down and it would have to be repaired before proceeding further. It was twenty minutes before the break was sufficiently repaired to make it safe to proceed.

Finally the engine was again in motion, and as the engineer had orders to make up the lost time he opened the throttle wide and sent the engine ahead at a terrific rate of speed.

But there is an old saying, "The more haste the less speed."

The train was now about thirty miles out from Buffalo, and was next to flying, when, without any warning, there was a crash and the next moment, before the startled passengers could collect their senses, the coaches were telescoped, and then hurled on their sides.

The switch had been turned so that the train had run into a number of freight cars which were side-tracked.

The air was filled with flying debris, and there were sounds of breaking glass mingled with the cries of the frightened passengers.

The next moment there was a scrambling to get out of the dismantled coaches. Many of the passengers were imprisoned in the cars until an ax was procured with which an opening was made enabling them to crawl out.

Everything was in confusion for a time. Trainmen were running about hither and thither and men were groping in the wreck after their personal effects, while those who had been injured were groaning with pain, and excited women were screaming.

Finally after things had calmed down somewhat it was ascertained that no one was killed, which seemed nothing short of a miracle, although some were more or less injured. These were conveyed to a little village called Grimesville, three miles distant, and the other passengers also went there, where they were met by a special train which landed them in Buffalo at dawn of the next morning.

### His Last Day's Work.

(By Guy Fitzgerald, Mich.)

It was one bright day in autumn that I was looking out of the shop window at a lineman of a telephone company who was sitting in his little swing repairing a wire, when all of a sudden I saw him drop his head and smoke arose from his body.

He was at least forty feet from the ground. He had caught hold of a live wire, by mistake, and was receiving about 2,000 volts of electricity. I was not the only one who saw it, for in less than two minutes there were about fifty people on the street, but they could not reach him. They could only stand and watch him burning.

At last he slid out of his swing some way, and dropped in the middle of the street car tracks, where he lay more dead than alive. After ripping his clothing partially off and putting out the fire, which was still burning on his shirt, he was carried about a block to a private hospital, where he lived but a few hours.

When I went back to work my foreman and myself were so nervous and excited that we could not work. I would not like to see an accident of that kind again.

### The Burning of the Yosemite Mill.

(By William Hubbards, California.)

In March, two years ago, a fire broke out in the Yosemite Flour Mills. About half-past eight it started in the back part where the macaroni factory is situated.

The real cause of the fire will never be known. It was probably caused by the steam pipe heating the wood, and from that rose a terrible fire. At one time it seemed as if the whole block would be consumed.

The telegraph wires burned and kept the people running from one place to another, as they were in danger of being killed. Crowds came from all over the city and even from Oakland. There were three alarms, and the firemen deserved credit for the work they did that night. There was an old building next to the mill, and it



escaped from the mad flames, but was damaged a great deal by water.

The policemen put ropes up along the edge of the curbstone one hundred feet from the fire, where they had to keep back the crowds that were jamming and pushing one another to get nearer. But as there was not much disturbance, the policemen did not have much trouble.

Furniture was dragged from houses, and every place you went you would find pillows, beds and all sorts of family utensils. A coffee pot here, a sugar bowl there, with half of the contents strewn around the ground. But this is going from the scene of the fire.

Next door to the right of the mill was a winery owned by one Mr. Gotelli, an Italian, whose house and the end buildings were burned in the beginning of the fire, and from there it continued until it reached the house occupied by my folks, who were not at home.

As I was intensely interested in a book which a friend of mine had sent me from San Jose, and was so occupied that when the bell rang I was inclined not to answer it, but on second thought I went, and was thankful ever afterward.

A boy stood in the doorway and exclaimed:

"Well, Will, it is time you were out of this place. The old mill's burning down and your shack will go next. It is burning like Jupiter. Never mind your book. The old school stands a pretty fair chance of burning up with everything else."

I am pretty brave, but being alone with the responsibility of a household on my hands, I will remember it as one of the great events of my life.

It was a great event, Willie. You have the makings of a good journalist in you.

### The Faithful Horse.

(By Frank Ross, Nev.)

Once there was a man who owned a fine black steed about fifteen hands in height. He sold it to the army for a cavalry horse, which the horse did not like very well.

One soldier got it, and treated it very cruelly. He would beat him whenever he did not do anything that pleased him.

There was another soldier in the troop who fancied the horse very much.

One day he wanted to trade horses with the owner, but he refused.

The next evening the horse did not do what he thought was right and it made him mad.

He went all over the troop hunting for the man that wanted to trade with him.

Finally he found him, and the trade was made, and the new master was very much pleased. He treated the horse well, and did not know he would be repaid.

It was not long after that, however, they were in battle, where the shot were screaming all around.

The master was struck by a bullet in the pit of the stomach and fell from the saddle. The horse at once stopped and looked at his master as much as to say, "I will be with you to the end."

A bullet came whizzing through the air and struck the master on the arm, leaving a very mean-looking wound.

The horse took his master by the belt and galloped off like a shot toward the camp. They met the ambulance coming, and the master was put in and taken to the hospital. Some months after the man got well enough to walk out and enjoy the cool, fresh air. He went and saw his horse.

The horse acted as if it would go wild because his master was always kind to it.

The horse will always be gentle with you if you treat him well.

And will do some faithfulness in the end.

### The Weary-looking Dog.

(By J. C. Laurant, N. J.)

I have a dog home here made of clay or some kind of pottery. He was bought in Atlantic City and is sitting with his head inclined on one side as if he was tired of dragging his hind legs behind him.

My sister, while walking on the boardwalk in front of some stores, saw him in one of their windows. Going in the store and up to the counter she laughingly asked the clerk how much that weary-looking dog cost.

### Swift Eagle, the Indian.

(By George N. Palmer, New York.)

Among the many Indians who have at various times graduated from the Indian school at Carlisle was one generally known as Swift Eagle, but called Harry Eagle by the professors. He was about seventeen years of age, straight as an arrow, and one of the swiftest runners ever seen in the school. In lessons he was far above the average. Swift Eagle could also talk English like a native. He had made friends with many of the whites, and was well-beloved by all.

One of these friends was Alan Turner, a youth of about Swift Eagle's age. Alan was the son of a well-to-do farmer, and had on several occasions presented his Indian friend with small sums of money, for which Swift Eagle was very grateful. He wished to repay Alan's kindness, and the hour soon came when he more than squared the debt, at the same time winning the undying friendship and gratitude of Alan.

Alan owned a very spirited horse and took great delight in handling the reins. There was a good road near Alan's father's farm, and day after day Alan could be seen driving, seated in a light buggy.

One day he was out as usual. All had gone well for over an hour, and Alan was thinking of returning when his horse was suddenly frightened. Alan gripped the reins tightly, but to no avail. His horse was running away, and the youth was in great danger.

On and on sped the horse at a terrific pace, the buggy at times leaping high in the air. Alan had hard work in holding on. Behind him he heard a shout. He recognized Swift Eagle's voice. Five minutes passed, and Alan caught a glimpse of his friend running like a deer after the runaway. Could he catch the horse? It seemed so. Never had the Indian covered ground faster; never had Carlisle seen such running. Every hundred yards were covered in but little over ten seconds, and Swift Eagle (well was he named!) kept the pace up for a long time.



Ah! He was ten yards behind the buggy; now but five; and at last he could touch it. But on he spurred. The horse must be caught!

Both horse and man were almost exhausted. At last Swift Eagle reached the horse's neck. In a minute he had gripped the bit; in a second more he was holding on tightly. But could he keep out of the way of the horse's hoofs? Yes! He succeeded, but the horse did not stop.

Down the road the animal ran, but slower and slower every minute. Swift Eagle's weight was telling. A last effort on the part of the horse! Ah! the runaway was standing still. Swift Eagle had won, but the exertion had overcome him, and he was lying on the ground. But he soon recovered.

### Saved By a Dog.

(By Carl Donnerberg, N. Y.)

It was on a hot summer morning when a young girl by the name of Elsie Jackson was playing in the garden near a small pond with Fido, a small spaniel of which she was very fond.

In a kennel near the stable was Carlo, the large Newfoundland dog. He was very old and was taking a nap.

In the midst of their play a gust of wind took off Elsie's hat, and springing back to catch it the young girl lost her balance and fell into the water.

For one moment Fido looked despairingly after her, and then dashed away to the kennel, where Carlo lay.

Fido could not speak, but in some way he made Carlo understand that Elsie was in danger, for Carlo sprang up, and was off like an arrow, Fido following at his heels.

Elsie had sunk once and her white face was just appearing above the water as Carlo reached the pond. In an instant he plunged into the water, caught the young girl by her dress and brought her safe to land. After that Fido and Carlo were her fast friends.

Fido was a good dog, and so was Carlo. That's a good story, too, Carl.

### A Black Horse and a Ghost.

(By Albert D. Kohn, Pa.)

It was a bright moonlight night in June. Three young men sat on a veranda of a large, roomy house. The three were from New York and had come down to Pleasant Vale for a short vacation from city life. Their names were Harry Rockwood, the hero of this story; Charley Van Newman, and Fred St. Clair.

At the time this story begins they were sitting smoking and talking, when suddenly a man on horseback dashed up and in panting tones begged one of them to go immediately to the nearest doctor and tell him to come to the green farmhouse on the hill.

He said that there was a man very sick there and no one to go for the doctor, for he had to stay beside the sick man.

Harry Rockwood promised that he would go, so he left his friends to run quickly to the stables to hitch up a dog cart to a horse named Devil. It was coal black.

He then dashed out of the gate and down the road. He had to pass a graveyard on his way.

Many people had told terrible stories about it, but he was not nervous. When he reached it and was passing something loomed suddenly in his horse's path. It was a white object.

The horse did not belie its name. It rose instantly on its haunches with a wild snort of terror—then, with another snort, dropped on its feet, and with a terrific bound dashed forward. Harry did not have time to get a hold on the lines before the horse had possession of the bit. It kept straight on down the road at a terrific rate, the buggy swaying from side to side, and it seemed every moment as if he would be killed.

Suddenly a large post appeared in front of the maddened horse. The horse dashed to one side, but not in time to save the wagon from disaster. Harry was thrown violently to one side, and his head struck the post with a crash. A stinging pain and he knew no more.

When he awoke people were bending over him, greatly excited, and Devil was standing not far off. The buggy was in fragments and the horse was covered with bloody foam. Harry after that was terribly sick. He had received almost fatal injuries, but by his pluck recovered.

The man who had been sick got some other people to go for the doctor, and got well.

Harry never forgot that terrible ride, and simply hates the look of a black horse. The thing which scared the horse was a calf, which arose upon its approach.

### An Adventure with a Catamount.

(By Grover Fillis, Fla.)

One day some boys and myself went hunting on an island. The largest of the boys was Sam Hogan. The first night we slept in an old barn. Sam said he would watch for some catamounts.

He watched until about twelve o'clock before he saw anything.

Then he saw two dark forms creeping toward the barn. Sam raised his rifle and fired, and wounded one of them.

Then the catamount, mad with pain, sprang forward before Sam could fire again and threw him to the ground. The other boys and myself were awakened by the rifle shot. We jumped up and ran to Sam. When we got there the catamount was on top of Sam, growling. We ran up to Sam and pulled the catamount off. Sam was scared for about a week afterward.

Here's a letter from one of our prize-winners—Sherman Riggs. You all remember what a good story he entered in the last contest. He's a hustler. He has entered the new contest already. Here's his letter:

Messrs. Street & Smith—

Dear Sirs: I was greatly surprised, as well as pleased, when I saw in the back of the latest Diamond Dick, Jr., that I had been one of the boys who won third prize, as I did not expect to have my story published. Well, I will try for another prize. Long live Street & Smith!

Yours truly,

Springdale, Ark.

SHERMAN RIGGS.

Bully for you, Sherman. You show the right spirit. We wish you good luck.





## BULLY BRIGHT.

By ORLANDO.

The ship *Golconda* lay becalmed in the South Atlantic. Not a breath of wind was stirring and the sails were flapping idly against the masts, with every roll and plunge of the ship.

Our skipper, Bully Bright (so called for his bulldog propensities), was in no enviable humor, for he expected to have been snugly anchored in Montevideo before this time; but adverse winds and sultry calms had overthrown his calculations, and now we expected nothing but cross words for the remainder of the voyage.

Besides, we had on board a greenhorn, that had been shipped as an able seaman; or, in sailor phrase, he had been "shanghaied," which was a common occurrence in those days.

I have been on voyages where we had not more than three men that could "take their trick" at the wheel, and in such cases the poor, unfortunate landsmen were banged about most unmercifully.

Captain Bright came on deck, looking as sour and glum as a vinegar barrel; glancing around the ship and aloft he espied, dangling from the main royal yard arm, a small piece of rope yarn, which some careless sailor, who had been serving the lift, had left hanging there.

Instantly his face was distorted by a savage frown, and striding forward, he demanded where that blasted galoot was, meaning our green hand.

The man stepped forth from the forecabin, for it was his watch below, and tremblingly answered:

"Here, sir!"

"Come here, blast you! I want to use you. Do you see that Irish pennant floating so gracefully from the main royal yard-arm?"

"No, sir, I do not," answered the man, tremblingly, for he did not understand what the captain meant.

"Ye don't, don't ye?" said Bright, angrily grasping the man's shoulder, and shaking him roughly. "Don't you see that string, ye lubber?" he said, pointing to the rope yarn. "Well, I want you to jump up there and remove it. Do ye hear? Come, bear a hand, you blasted

shore-going, soft-tack eating son of a sea cook!" the captain added, seeing that the man hesitated.

"I can't, sir. I could never get up there!" said the man, with real terror depicted in his countenance.

"Ye can't, can't ye? All right! I will make an example of you, you sojering thief, you. Off with the main hatch, men, and down ye go among the cargo, and see how you will relish the company of rats."

Some two or three sailors stripped off the tarpaulin, and lifted the hatch, and Captain Bright dragged the poor fellow forward and thrust him down.

"On with the hatch again, and bolten it down closely, for there is a storm a-brewing," said the captain, scanning the horizon.

"Clew up the royals and top gallant sails, never mind furling them, we will not have time. If we save the sticks I will be satisfied. Stand by the topsail halyards and be ready to let go by the run. Clew up the foresail, and be lively about it. One more of you jump to the wheel and prepare to scud."

There was indeed a storm brewing, and a snorter. The northwestern horizon was streaked with a bluish green color, and a low bank of clouds, that seemed to rise up out of the sea, began to darken the horizon in that direction, and I could distinctly hear that low, rumbling sound that ever precedes a heavy storm.

The air, which all along had been sultry and oppressive, now became cool; ever and anon a few drops of rain descended. We had not long to wait for the tempest; on it came in mad fury, a heavy bank of foam in advance sending spray over our decks before a breath of wind had reached us.

It struck us on the weather quarter, keeled us over till the lee rail dipped under, till the lower yardarms touched the waves, and then she slowly righted with a mighty effort, throwing tons of water from her decks.

We were saved. She obeyed her helm slowly but surely. The vessel now presented such a scene of confusion that I can but poorly describe it. Every sail was rent to shreds, and they all dangled like so many pennants from their bolt ropes. The lifeboat, which had been lashed across the forecabin, was carried away. The carpenter's tool chest was rolling in the lee scuppers, and coils of rope, water casks, captain bars, and cook's



stove-pipe were mingled together in one heterogeneous mass, and now we were scudding under bare poles. But the gale abated as suddenly as it had come, and in half an hour it had lulled down into a gentle breeze. New sails were bent, and the ship put on her course again, and order resumed its reign.

I was engaged in coiling up the main topsail-halyards when Captain Bright sang out:

"Avast there, Orlando, I have some other employment for you. Take off the main hatch and rouse out that skulker; perhaps he can coil a rope, and while you are down there see if the cargo has shifted any. It seems to me she keels over to leeward more than she ought to."

Taking off the hatch, I descended into the main hold, and called Sam Long. Receiving no response to my repeated summons, and thinking perhaps the poor fellow had fallen asleep somewhere among the barrels and boxes, I clambered over to the lee side and called again. Still receiving no answer, I was about to return to the weather side and search. In turning I happened to glance a few feet to the right of where I stood, and there a little forward of the main hatch I beheld a sight that started the sweat in great beads all over me. There, wedged in between two barrels of molasses, with his eyeballs starting from their sockets and his brains spattered over the place, was poor Sam, literally crushed to death.

It was as I surmised; the cargo had shifted, and caught his head between the two barrels and crushed it to a jelly. I turned away faint and sick, and could hardly crawl to the deck. When I had informed the officers and men of what I had seen, two or three men were sent down to extricate the unfortunate victim. They had to remove several boxes and barrels before they could bring him forth, so tight was he wedged in. We sewed him up in his hammock, and tying a piece of pig iron to it, launched him into the dark waters.

Captain Bright went stark raving mad when he gazed upon that ghastly upturned face, and had to be confined to the cabin. The first mate took charge of the ship, and the next day we sailed into the harbor of Montevideo.

As we were clearing the cable to drop anchor, Bright came rushing from the cabin with froth foaming from his mouth and blazing eyes. "Take him away! take him away!" he cried, "he is following me," and before one of the men could recover themselves sufficiently to put forth a hand to stop him, he plunged over the bow, and with a fearful shriek disappeared beneath the waters. His body was never found. Sharks were so plentiful that it was supposed that he was soon devoured by them.

Our first mate, a humane man, assumed command, and as a just retribution had overtaken Bully Bright we were all satisfied.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Clinton Waldorf.—You have won your wager. All the people mentioned are alive and well. They are prominent men, however, and object to having their names and addresses being made public. They are kept busy with their own affairs, and are afraid that the publication of their addresses would mean their receiving a number of letters from boys they would have no time to answer.

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**THE FIFTEEN BOYS** who send us the next best "Stories" will each receive any three books they may select from the list in No. 278.

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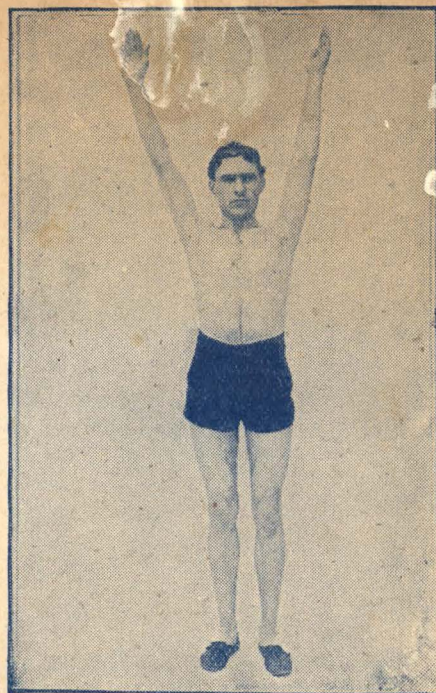
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